THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

BORROWING A HUSBAND.

New-York, Nov. 23, 1831.

DEAR TIM.—I'm glad my name aint John Smith, for that aint no name at all. You've heard tell of the fellow who wanted to get a seat in the theatre one plagy crowded night, and cried out "John Smith's house is on fire!" By the hoky! more than twenty men started up and run out, thinking each it was his own house on fire. Now there are five hundred and sixty-six Smiths in the directory, and sixty-six of them are John Smiths, but there aint no Timbertoes that I know on but Enoch—and that's me. So you see I've been pretty considerable easy about any body's stealing my name and trying to pass muster for me—but as luck, or ill-luck would have it, I like to have got caught the other day as slick as a weezle.

I was just sitting down to tea, when the servant steps up and tells me there was somebody at the door wanted to see me. I jumped up and went down and there found a great big carman with a great broad rimmed hat on, scraping and bowing and looking as smiling as a basket of chips. "Is your name Timbertoes?" says he to me when I got up to him. "Well, suppose it is," says I, "what is that to you?" "Why you are the very man then," says he, "that I've been hunting for—I've been driving my cart over half the city for you." "Hunting for me," says I, "and what's your business with me?" "Oh, nothing," says he, giving his whip a snap which like to have hit me right in the face, "only I've got your wife and child on my cart out here." "My wife! my child!" exclaimed I. "Yes, your wife and your child," says he, "I knew you'd be despat glad to see her—she's in a great agony to see you." "To see me!" says I. "Yes, she's come round in the packet all the way from Boston to see you," says he, "and for the life of her she couldn't tell in what part of the city you lived, and so you see I've been riding her round the last three hours on purpose to find you—but I'm glad I've found you at last." "Why here's some mistake," says I. "Oh, no mistake at all," says he, "just come out to my cart and see if your wife don't dentify you."

I looked out at the door, not daring to go out for fear of consequences, and true enough, there on a chest and some bedding in a cart, sat a fine looking woman holding a baby in her arms and looking right at me to kill. I felt pretty streaked I tell you, but turning to the carman, says I to him, "my dear sir, you are mistaken—you've got the wrong man—I never was married in my life, and that's no more my wife and child than yours." "Come, come, that's a good one," says the carman, "but I can't stand talking here, just tell me where I shall dump your wife and let me be off—four shillings is all I ax for the job." "But I tell you it aint my wife," says I, "I'll call the whole of our folks here to swear I never had a wife in my life." "Well, well," says the carman, who was getting impatient and rather wrathy into the bargain, "you no need to go to that trouble—just step out here and if the woman dont acknowledge you as her husband, I'll give it up."

I felt plagy loth to do this, not knowing but that the woman might swear herself on to me, child and all—but there was no alternative to get rid of the carman and so out I went. It was rather dusky and the woman could'nt get a fair view of me till I got close up to her—then she screamed out "Lord a marcy! lord a maxey!" then the carman set up his pipes. "I knew 'twas so—I knew 'twas your wife!" "Lord a marcy!" cries out the woman again, "I'm ruined and undone—it is'nt my husband—it is'nt my Joseph—oh dear! what has become of him!" "Your husband, marm," says I, "how came you to suppose I was your husband?" "Oh dear!" they told me he lived here and I thought for certainty he did—oh dear! what will become of me?" "Why marm there aint nobody else in the city of my name." "Nobody else of your name in New-York—aint your name Timberlegs and aint that the name of my Joseph who has lived here these twelve months." "Yes sir," says the carman, "did'nt you tell me your name was Timberlegs"—"No I did'nt," says I interrupting him, "I told you no such thing,—I said my name was Timbertoes—Enoch Timbertoes—that's my name and I bear a good respectable character and aint married at all." "Timbertoes! exclaimed the carman, "confound it, how could I make such a blunder—*toes* instead of *legs*—I ax your pardon, but how shall I find out this woman's husband?" "Well I'll tell you," says I, "seeing that you have come to your senses—I'll tell you." "Well how is it?" says he. "How? why advertise her in the newspapers," says I. "Advertise her! and who's to pay for her keeping till her husband is found?" says he. "Why, here's a dollar," says I, "and if you'll drive off out of my sight and not trouble me any more, you are welcome to it for your services." The carman seemed mightily tickled and drove off bag and baggage, and glad was I to get rid of him so cheap.

A pretty narrow escape that, Tim, I tell you. It would be a pretty story to tell on, would'nt it, that I was saddled here in York with another man's wife? But so it is in this great city and there's a thousand comical circumstances happening here every day or two just like the one I've described. A man dont know who's who or what's what, without he keeps a sharp look-out—no tricks upon travellers, is my motto, but they try plagy hard here to poke 'em on to you I tell you.

I had'nt been in the city more than a fortnight, when I used to meet a man every day who appeared to know me very well, though I did'nt know him from Adam. Whenever he saw me in the street, he always fastened himself on to me and axed me how I did and how I was getting along and all such sort of questions, which plagily puzzled me to make out who he was and whereabouts he got so well acquainted with me. I did'nt like to ax him about it, cause why? that would only show my ignorance and so I tried every other way to find out why he was, but without success. The fellow stuck to me like a shadow—wherever I went he was right at my side—if I turned a corner, he was staring me in the face. One day, however, I saw him go into a shop where I was acquainted, and so I waited till he comes out and then went in and axed them who the fellow was. By the hoky! who do you guess it was?—a little shrivelled up ninth part of a tailor, that keeps a second-hand cloths shop in Chatham street and he'd hooked on to me in this way just to get my custom. I tell you what, some of our Pearl street merchants board their clerks at the taverns here to pick up the country customers, but I'd no idea that every petty shopkeeper practised the same system—I cut the fellow the next time he tried to know me—I've no notion of these take-you-by-the-button-hole sort of acquaintance—not I.

ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

THE FINE ARTS.

VIEWS IN NEW-YORK AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Every new effort made to advance the fine arts in our country, should be met by a corresponding patronage on the part of the public. This is the only true way to encourage the growth of the fine arts—the only way to furnish them with that support, without which they must of necessity fall to decay. We are led to these remarks—self-evident as they are—by learning the fact that the work above mentioned has met with an extensive and rapid sale. Three numbers are already published;—we have forborne hitherto from speaking of their merits, lest—as is now-a-days too frequently the case with similar productions—the succeeding numbers might exhibit a falling-off from the original specimen. With respect to the views in New-York and its Environs, however, the publishers—Peabody & Co.—may—as they do—confidently invite a comparison between the first number and the one last issued. There is a softer touch of the engraver, greater care and niceness of execution, in the last than in the first.

The present number comprises views of the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, the City Hotel, the Lunatic Asylum, and the Merchants' Room in the Exchange—all faithfully delineated and tastefully executed. The view of the Elysian Fields, is one of the most exquisite specimens of the art—to say nothing of its correctness as a picture—we have yet seen. There is the same charm shed over it, as belongs to the original. The eye dwells on the graceful alternation of light and shade, produced by the weeping-willow, the maple and the poplar—beneath them it sees groups of gay and happy persons enjoying the cool shade—in the distance, it discerns the long outline of the city, clear and distinct as of a cloudless day, yet so minute as at a first glance to be almost imperceptible—while between that and the point of view, it rests on the broad-rolling Hudson, bearing on its bosom the expanded sail of many a summer craft. This picture pleases us more than all—whether because it is better executed or because the original is connected in our mind with so many pleasing associations, we shall not here inquire; but we cannot dismiss it without extracting from the excellent graphic descriptions with which each number is accompanied, a few remarks touching this scene.

"The approach to the Elysian Fields, along the water side, is romantic and beautiful. Familiarity blunts our perceptions of physical as well as moral nature; yet, the stranger dwells with delight upon the softness, the brightness, and variety of this scene, the improvements of which, lately effected by Colonel Stevens, are laid out with great taste. We come to it through a narrow circuitous path, overarched with oak branches, which completely shut out the view, except one or two magnificent glimpses of the city, bay, and narrows. As you draw near the pavillion, recently erected, of which we present an engraving, the prospect gradually opens into a broad meadow, displaying lofty trees at wide distances from each other, and, at length spreads away into a superb green lawn, whose sudden extent is relieved by gentle undulations, like the slow, silent swells of the ocean in its calmest moments. The land which has hitherto been elevated so that the dash of the water floated up to you from below, now descends to a level with the river, and the waves roll in and break with their silver beauty at your feet. The broad city is distinctly seen in the distance—the Hudson, which here ends its pilgrimage, expends into an apparent lake, which leads the eye on the south to those immense gates through which it pours its tribute floods into the Atlantic, and on the north to the jutting point of Weehawk, a beautiful fragment clothed with deep rich verdure, thus left perchance in long past ages, broken by the river as it forced a passage through the mountain."

The price of these Views, being only 37 1-2 cents a number, must put it within the reach of every one to purchase them—a volume of beautiful and valuable prints may thus be obtained at an uncommonly low price.

D.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. We were sitting a few evenings since, at the table in one of our hotels, engaged in reading the newspapers, when a well-dressed man staggered into the room, and presenting himself at the bar, thus addressed the keeper.

"Land-hic-lord—give us—hic—a glass of hic—brandy, if you please."

Having surveyed his customer, Ganymede presented a decanter, containing the brandy, a tumbler and a wine glass, plainly intimating by the last that the liquor was to be measured out in the same and was not to be trusted to the hands of the customer, to be apportioned by his own ideas of a *quantum sufficit*.

"I wont have your—hic—stuff—away with—hic—your—hic—brandy."

"What objections have you to the brandy?" said ganymede.

"Objections! blow me—hic—d'ye think I'm a—hic—black nigger, to have my grog—hic—measured out in a wine glass?"

"Oh, just as you please," said the barkeeper, "we are not over anxious to serve persons in your situation and you may take it or not, just as you please."

"Then I dom—hic—patronize such a low—hic—house, I can tell you," and so saying our brandy-loving gentleman staggered out of the room with a look of ineffible contempt at the bar keeper.

D.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? "Vat street be it, monsieur," inquired a Frenchman last week," where Las Invincibles be making one grand parade?"

"Canal street," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

"*Canaille* street!" ejaculated the Frenchman," be gar! I must have gone pass him up town, where be one collection of las rabbles."

"Very like—very like," said the other, "I dare say it was Canal street, or *Canaille* street, just as you choose to call it,"

"Ver certain, it be *Canaille* street—no other street like him in New-York—I will go right behind to *Canaille* street," and so saying, the Frenchman started off, labouring under a slight confusion of names which the scenes of the day had very naturally occasioned in his mind.

D.

SWEEPING CLEAN.—By his extraordinary mental exertion, his rapidity of decision, his constancy of attendance, day and night, sleeping and walking, the Lord Chancellor has, during the short period of his administration, more successfully illustrated the proverb about "new *Broughams*" than any man that ever lived.—*Lond. pap.*

A hard case. A Yankee school-master—a teacher of Chirography—not long since located himself in Rensellaer county, N. Y., and commenced a school under the most favorable auspices. He gathered round him a score of pupils—most of whom were of the fairer order of creation. One, in particular, was, we understand, a very angel in features—one of your beautiful country-maidens, which spring up in their seclusion fair as the wild flowers of their native valies. As might have been expected, she played iniquity with the heart of the school-master. Day after day he sat by her side, guided her taper fingers, and felt her dark tresses lightly sweeping his cheek, as she leaned with him towards the manuscript. It was too much—human philosophy could not stand it. In a luckless moment, he pressed his lips to her cheek, and imprinted upon it one of those kisses, in which

"The lip will linger like some bee
Sipping a favorite flower."

And what think you gentle reader was the result of all this? Why—the unfortunate chirographer was prosecuted for his lecture on kissing, and turned adrift with a fine of one thousand dollars hanging over his shoulders like the pack of Bunyan's pilgrim. Farbe it from us to undervalue the charms of the young lady;—but, really if she sets such an exorbitant price upon her cheek, it will be a long day, we opine, before she has another opportunity to exact it.—*N. E. H. Review.*

Unwelcome Present.—A fellow lately called upon a respectable merchant with a quantity of hams, which he offered to dispose of "very cheap." "But what if they are ful o' maggots?" said the cautious purchaser. "If they are, who I will give you them for nothing," said the ham seller. In the course of a few days the shopkeeper had occasion to cut up one of his bargain, when, lo! as thick "as motes in the sunbeam," myriads of mites petrified his vision. The Irishman having been summoned to refund the cash he had so knavishly extracted from the shopkeeper, appeared in court apparently ignorant of any crime.—The matter being explained by the pursuer, he was asked what he had to say in his defence. "Why, he bought the hams, my lord." "But you said you would give them for nothing if there were any maggots." "And do I not, sure? I make him a present of every mother's son of them, and much good may they do him." The shopkeeper, who now saw that the maggots were the only present that had agreed to, reluctantly left the bar.—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

Novel Recommendation of the Lord Chancellor.—At the rising of the Court of Chancery on Saturday, Thos. Parkin, Editor of the Christian Corrector, presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, which stated that he was completely ruined, being obliged to abandon his mining concerns at Dudley, on account of his inability to take an oath, in consequence of his religious scruples, and answer a bill filed against him in the Court of Chancery. The Ld. Chancellor attended most courteously to his application, and asked him whether he was either a Quaker or a Moravian, as in either case relief was provided? Mr. Parkin replied that he was not: whereupon his lordship recommended him to become either the one or the other. But Mr. Parkin said, "he would not sacrifice one principle for the sake of another." His lordship then said, "I will put a case to you, as I, in many instances, have done before, and beg of you seriously to think upon it by Monday. If you were called upon to give evidence in the case of a murder: yes, suppose you could prove the innocence of a man about to be tried for such a crime, how would you feel if you refused to give your testimony? I have no difficulty in saying, that it would, in such cases, be your duty to obey the laws of man, though in violation of the laws of God, who would excuse you, as all the blame would be chargeable upon human legislation." Mr. Parkin said he could give a complete answer to his lordship's question, and would do so on Monday. His lordship nodded assent.—*Eng. pap.*

PUNCH.—A French emigrant having been but a very short time in England, was invited to partake of a large bowl of punch, a liquor he had never tasted before, and which did not at all agree with him.—Speaking of his entertainment the next day, but forgetting the name of the beverage, he asked, "Vat de calla dat liquer, dat be all contradiction; where is de brandy to make it strong, and de water to make it weak; de sugar to make it sweet, and de lemon to make it sour?" "Punch, suppose you mean." "Ay punch, begar," said Monsieur, "it almost punch my brain out."

TO EXTRACT MONEY. There was commonly a body of the king's (Louis XV.) body guard at Amiens. One of them laid a wager that he could swallow a half-crown, and did so; but he fell seriously ill. The faculty could not succeed in recovering the piece, and somebody mentioned the case to the bishop of Amiens, the excellent M. de la Motte d'Orleans. They do not know, said he, the means to cure him, but I could tell them an excellent one; let them send the soldier to the Abbi Terrai, (then minister of finance) he knows how to get out money from every where.

MISCELLANY.

THE WORKING MEN.

The following song, prepared for the occasion by B. Brown, Esq. was by him sung with admirable effect, at the Cattle Show Dinner, at Plymouth, (Ms.) on the 2d instant:

A question now-a-days prevails
And goes the circuit round,
Of us poor lupeds who may be
A *Working Man* set down?
And yet, some think, to candid minds
The evidence is plain,
Without exception to the rule,
That *all are working men*,
Then keep a working—all are working men.

The Farmer treads his furrowed field,
And scatters round the grain,
With hope that autumn will
Repay in toil and pain.
With probing breast he seeks the breeze
His sweaty brow to fan,
And ranks through all this working world,
The foremost *working man*. Then, &c.

The sang Mechanic's handy work,
Shows what his hands have done,
Employed from earliest dawn of day,
To latest setting sun.
To gain an honest livelihood,
He labors all he can;
And such an one enjoys the need
Of a fair *working man*. Then, &c.

The Merchant, "busy as a bee,"
In counting-room and street,
Has scarcely time to take his meals,
Or give his friends a greet.
He's here, he's there, he's every where,
A: *Beersheba*, at *Dan!*
One half of all this tease and toil
Would stamp him *working man*.

The Student trims his midnight lamp,
Besmeared with oil and smoke,
And ponders o'er the musty tomes
Of *Stackhouse, Golen, Cole*,
In search of truth, yes, one poor grain,
Amidst a fierce of bran!
His meagre looks and wrinkled brow
Mark him the *working man*.

See o'er the briny mountain wave,
The seaman ply the oar,
Or on the main-top keep the watch,
While skies with tempests roar,
Anon, behold him all a wreck;
And cast upon the strand!
Ah! landsmen, can ye then deny,
Tom Tough's a *working man!*

The soldier, cap-a-pie rigged out,
With gew-gaws and with lace,
Can hardly think his consequence
Should to his king give place,
Yet, when the blood and thunder pour,
In centre, rear and van,
Would ye change work, ye doubters, then,
With this bold *working man?*

The office-seeker sends abroad
His videts and his scouts,
While he at home sports gasconade
To gain the rabble shouts.
Go, try his ways, his projects prove,
His tricks of cunning scan,
And tell me if this busy rogue
Is not a *working man.*

There's Bursfer Tip, the dandy thing,
All whiskered like a bear!
He sports a paltry quizzing glass,
To ogle at the fair.
He quirks and prims, and smirks and grins,
Like *pug* in caravan!
And with the ladies sure he is
A WONDER *working man.*

The idle loon, that strolls the street,
Or lolls upon a post,
Employs himself in killing time,
Yet never counts the cost.
And if the adage tell us true,
That *drones are at most pain*,
This lazy lout may well cry out,
"WE all are *working men.*"

And now, to look at home, my friends,
Just cast your eyes around,
Behold this joyous, festive board,
So late with plenty crown'd;
Of all its rich, abundant cheer,
What wondrous change has been!
An ample testimonial
That *we* are *working men.*
Then keep a working—all are working men.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

One of the most amusing anecdotes in the Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, relates to an occasion fraught with consequences but too disastrous to the world—viz. that on which Napoleon first appeared in a military uniform. A mere boy at the time, and of an unusually slender habit, his slim legs were engulphed in an enormous pair of boots, in which he made so ludicrous an exhibition, that he no sooner appeared in Mad. Permon's family, evidently elated by his professional dignity, than he was greeted with an explosion of universal laughter. The merriment of the company gave him sensible embarrassment, but his chagrin was susceptible of no further aggravation when he found himself designated "Puss in Boots" by a lively girl of thirteen. Yet, piqued as he was, with constitutional tact, he dissembled his vexation, and actually purchased a beautiful little edition of the story itself, accompanied by a costly toy, representing "Chat botte" running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabas, which he presented to Mademoiselle Permon, to show that he took the raillery in good part. His finances were then so low that he could ill afford the gratification of being able even to indulge himself with gloves, which he professed to consider an unnecessary luxury. Years afterwards, however, when Junot's lady made a similar allusion to the subject at Malmaison, the first Consul appeared little to relish the recollection, and the retort described in the following passage, was truly well adapted to discourage its revival:—"A quarter of an hour after, he suddenly approached me, and seized hold of my nose, which he pinched so severely, that I screamed aloud;—'You seem at no loss for wit, little plague,' said he, 'but you are malicious. Cease to be so.—A woman forfeits her charms when she becomes an object of fear.'" Of such mingled marks of condescension Napoleon was singularly liberal to his favorites, and Junot's ears, we learn from Madame d'Abrantes, occasionally bore even bleeding evidence of imperial pleasantry. During the Emperor's memorable interview with Escoiquiz at Bayonne, the refractory canon's organs of hearing were also caressed after so rude a fashion as to elicit from him the remark that he wished he could dissuade Bonaparte from his purpose although at the expense of his ears; and Beaumont's description on the eve of Waterloo is said to have reached the ears of his friend Gerard in more senses than one.

That Napoleon was an ingenious, single-hearted man, we believe most people would be rather chary of asserting; his veracity, however, has often been made a subject of contention, and certainly those who have urged his claim to that respectable "household virtue" will hardly thank the Duchess d'Abrantes for certain anecdotes now published directly tending to invalidate it. During his residence in Paris, after the siege of Toulon, he seems to have suffered not a little from straitened pecuniary resources; and for full six months was, in a great measure, dependant on the generosity of Junot, whose own supplies were for the most part the produce of success at play. On this creditable fund they jointly subsisted, Junot acting as lion's provider, while Napoleon regulated the disbursements, appreciating by his friend's desire the larger share to himself, as he had a higher rank to sustain than Junot, although provided with less means. In the evening they were in the habit of walking about the *Jardin des Plantes*, and on such occasions Bonaparte professed to feel more immediately in the presence of the Divinity, "of whom a true friend was the faithful image." In the midst of this daily interchange of high flown sentiment on the one side, and substantial service on the other, Junot, it appears, became enamoured, "like a fool," of Paulette Bonaparte; his youthful and fervent affections could not resist the charms of so enchanting a creature as Paulette. He loved her with an ardor that partook even of delirium, and his secret before the lapse a single week was confided to his General. A sense of honor impelled him ingenuously to reveal it, although his reason could not combat against the strength of his attachment. Bonaparte neither rejected nor assented to his proposal. He gave him encouragement, nevertheless; but what contributed to Junot's consolation most of all was, an assurance that Paulette would say yes with pleasure on the day when he could offer her an establishment, which although not rich, said Bonaparte, would at least be sufficient to protect her from the misfortune of putting children into it predestined to be unhappy. Meanwhile Junot discovers an old letter from his father, in which he is assured that he will be entitled at his death, to 20,000 francs, on the strength of which prospective contingency the lover plies Bonaparte with renewed solicitations. "I shall then be absolutely affluent," said Junot, "when with my estate I can command twelve hundred a year income. I implore you, then, my dear General, to write yourself to Madame citizen Bonaparte, and tell her that you have seen the contents of my father's letter: or perhaps you would rather choose that he should write another to Marseilles?" After leaving the Garden of Plants, they had crossed the river in a boat, and, traversing the streets northward, gained the boulevards. They were now arrived opposite the Chinese baths, and sauntered along the small walk (*contree-allee*). While pacing to and fro in this particular part of the Boulevard, Bonaparte listened to Junot with profound attention; but he was no longer the same man as when wandering amid the fragrant and sequestered shades which they had but just quitted. It seemed as if, in returning to the noise of life and bustle of society, he had at once resumed the shackles and obligations of the world. At the same time his tone and manner continued always affectionate, but he was more in a mood for offering advice.

"I cannot write to my mother to make any such demand," said he to Junot, "for eventually you are to have 1,200 livres. So far it is well; but still you have them not. Your father may keep you waiting for them God knows how long. In short, you have nothing but your epaulette of lieutenant. As for Paulette, she too is in exactly the same predicament. Come, then, let us to it: you have nothing—she has nothing,—what is the amount?—Nothing. It is clear you cannot marry at present: we must wait. Perhaps we shall happen hereafter on better days, my friend. Yes, that we shall, even though I should be compelled to seek them in some other quarter of the world."

Junot's personal attachment to Napoleon was evidently sincere, fervent, and disinterested, indeed if we may credit the statements now promulgated, the Duc d'Abrantes, as all the modern conqueror's companions in arms, was pre-eminently his Hephestion. When in Egypt, he fought a desperate duel with Lannes, by torch light upon the banks of the Nile, in consequence of a disrespectful allusion made by that officer to Napoleon in his hearing. Lannes, who, being the party challenged, had the choice of weapons, injudiciously named pistols, for his antagonist was an unerring bull's eye marksman, but of this fatal advantage Junot generously declined to avail himself, and the issue was accordingly decided by swords; the result was, that both were speedily disabled, Junot receiving a wound which had nigh given him an eternal quietus forever. This affair on being reported to Napoleon, elicited the following curious specimen of pathos, when his indignation at the breach of discipline had somewhat subsided:—"My poor Junot," said he, "wouldst for me! And so foolish too! *Why did he not silence him with a pistol?*" Now, bearing in mind the terms of friendship which thus subsisted between Bonaparte and his favorite aid-de-camp, in what adequate terms can we denounce the duplicity of the principal when a very short time subsequent to the interview just described we find him offering his sister Pauline in marriage to another, although the sentiments with which Junot regarded her were still unchanged?

The scene to which we allude, including, as it does, Napoleon's own first courtship is well worth extracting, we should premise that Madame Permon (mother of Junot's future wife,) the lady to whom he is represented as paying his addresses, had already expressed an opinion that nature had given Bonaparte a gizzard by way of substitute for a heart. The conversation is said to have occurred soon after the 14th Vendemiaire, and in so fresh a stage of Madame Permon's widowhood that "the funeral baked meats might have coldly furnished the marriage supper." It is altogether, perhaps, the most singular negotiation in which this extraordinary man was ever engaged.

"At this period Bonaparte had a very strange interview with my mother, indeed so much so, that I cannot recur to it, at this distance of time, without smiling at the recollection. Bonaparte one day informed my mother that he wished much to bring about a marriage, which would connect the two families. "It is," said he, 'that of Paule and Permon. Permon has some fortune." (He did not yet know, that at my father's death, we found ourselves entitled to nothing.) "My sister, it is true, is without dower, but I am in circumstances to obtain promotion for my relatives, and I think I can promise to provide her husband with some good appointment. This alliance will make me happy. My sister, you well know, is beautiful. My mother is your friend. Come, then, only say yes, and the matter will be at once concluded. My mother did not answer either yes or no; but replied, that my brother was entirely master of his own actions; that she would not undertake in any way to influence him, and that every thing depended exclusively on himself. Bonaparte acknowledged that Permon was so remarkable a young man, that he had sufficient maturity of understanding and acuteness of talent to qualify him for any employment, although he was then but 25 years of age. So far, all that General Bonaparte proposed appeared natural and reasonable enough. He projected a marriage between a girl of sixteen, and a young man of twenty-five. There was, moreover, reason to believe that this young man had property to the amount of 10,000 livres a year; he was, besides, of a prepossessing exterior, painted as well as Vernet, whose pupil he still was; played the harp much better than Krompholtz, his master; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek with equal perfection as he did the French, made verses like an angel, had an aptitude for business, and a capacity for doing every thing that he undertook in a manner which rendered him especially distinguished amongst all of those who in any way came in contact with him while with the army of the south. Such was the man whom Bonaparte sought in marriage for his sister. She, dear girl, had a ravishing person, it is true; but with this admission her praise must conclude * * * Such then was my brother when Bonaparte broached his project for a union between him and Mademoiselle Pauline, familiarly called by all her family and friends the pretty Paulette.

To this proposal he added an offer to double the alliance by marrying me to either of his brothers Louis or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than our Laurette,' said my mother laughing; 'in truth my dear Napoleon, I incline to think you are acting the part of high priest to day; why, you would marry every one, even the very children. Bonaparte laughed also, but with somewhat of a disconcerted air. He concurred with her by admitting that on rising that morning a hint of matrimony had certainly suggested itself to his mind, and to confirm it, he added, kissing my mother's hand, that he had resolved to demand to her that the proposed union between the two families should commence with a marriage between himself and her as quickly as the decencies of mourning could possibly permit. My mother has so often described to me the whole of this singular scene, that I know all that occurred as well as if I myself had been a principal actress. She regarded Bonaparte for several seconds with a degree of astonishment that held her in a state of perfect stupefaction; and then all at once gave way to such an uncontrolled burst of laughter that it reached the ears of the rest of our family in a neighboring plot of ground, where three or four of us at the time happened to be. Bonaparte was at first a good deal shocked at the manner in which a proposal, which seemed to him very reasonable was received. My mother no sooner perceived the state of his feelings than she hastened to explain herself, assuring him that it was she herself, and not he, who, under the circumstances, was acting a character in her own eyes at least, abundantly ridiculous. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she to him when she had in some degree subdued her risibility, 'let us talk this matter over seriously. You think, doubtless, that you know my age; well, then, you really do not—nor will my woman's vanity allow me to tell it you. But I shall only say, that I could have been not only your own mother, but also that of Josephine. Let us put an end to this silly badinage, coming from you it actually vexes me.' Bonaparte told her to reply, and more than once repeated, that it was no such jesting matter, according to his mode of viewing it; that the age of the woman whom he should wish to marry was indifferent to him, if she appeared, as was her case, not to have arrived at 30; that he had naturally reflected on what he had just proposed, and he added these memorable words:—'I desire to marry. There are persons who wish to give me a charming, amiable, and agreeable lady, residing in the Faubourg St. Germaine. My friends in Paris urge this connexion. My oldest friends would seek to break it off altogether. But as for myself, I choose to marry—and what I now propose to you, best suits me under all its bearings. Give yourself opportunity for reflection.' My mother here cut short the conversation, saying to him, laughing, that all her reflections had been already made; that as for the rest, so far as it concerned my brother, she would speak to him upon the subject, and return her answer on the Tuesday following (it was then Saturday). She then gave him her hand, and smilingly observed, that well as she was aware that she was not altogether devoid of pretensions, she could hardly imagine that they were at all of a kind to conquer the heart of a young man only 26, and that she trusted this little scene would cause no interruption of the friendly intercourse which they had cultivated hitherto. 'But reflect on it at least,' cried Napoleon. 'Well! I certainly shall reflect,' answered my mother laughing still more heartily than before." Napoleon's literal valor of sublime we find proved equally unquestionable, for the young man, when informed of the bliss designed for him, most ungallantly desired to be excused; it is added, that his refusal was influenced by reasons which it would be irrelevant to specify.

The lady who thus attracted the early affections of such a suitor is represented to have been a woman of considerable eccentricity. Fascinating in her manners, a frequenter of the best society, and the habitual companion of distinguished literary persons, who, we are given to understand, thought themselves but too happy in cultivating her acquaintance, she was yet heard to declare up to the last of her life, that the only book which she had ever read was the Telemachus of Fenelon. With respect to her form and features we have her daughter's authority for asserting that "When in full dress and adequately *rouged*, she was perfectly irresistible." Bonaparte and she quarrelled shortly after the matrimonial proposal, in consequence of his remissness in granting a trifling favour which she had solicited for one of her relations. After having falsified his promise of compliance at least twenty times, Madame Permon took him to task pretty severely for his disregard of veracity, in the presence of his own officers, and they were never again thoroughly reconciled. It is but justice to add that the writer has also detailed a number of anecdotes to his credit.

COURTSHIP OF LAVALLETTE.

Having, in our last paper, been made acquainted with the heroism and affection of Madame Lavallette, as manifested in the aid she gave to her husband in effecting his escape—not without, as we shall show,* the most serious exposure of herself in so doing—the reader, we are sure, will be gratified with an account of the manner in which the lady became his wife. The recital will also show something of the

* On the discovery of the escape of Count Lavallette "Madame L. was subjected to imprisonment for many weeks—and the treatment she received and the anxiety she suffered, affected her mind; and the most amiable and excellent of women lost her senses, and continued in that dreadful state for nearly twelve years. At last (says the Count) the health of Madame Lavallette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take her home. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into fits of abstractedness; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass the summer in a retired country house, where she seems to enjoy herself."

manner in which "they manage these things in France."—*Atlas.*

* * * * "All my comrades had obtained advancement: the General (Bonaparte) wished to reward me also; but, not willing to expose himself to refusal from Government, he determined to bring about a marriage between me and mademoiselle Beauharnais. One day, when I had accompanied him to the treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new Boulevards, that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. 'I cannot make a Major of you,' he said; 'I must therefore give you a wife—you shall marry Emilie de Beauharnais: she is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?' 'I have seen her twice.' 'But, General, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa—I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for marriage.' 'Men must marry to have children—that is the chief aim of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well, in that case, she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may again marry advantageously. Now, she is the daughter of an emigrant, that nobody will have—my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl, deserves a better fate. Come—this business must be quickly settled. Talk this morning with Madame Bonaparte about it: the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days—I will allow you a fortnight for your honey moon—you must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th.' It was then the 9th. I could not help laughing all the while he spoke. At last I said, 'I will do whatever you please: but will the girl have me?—I do not wish to force her inclinations.' 'She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence she will live with her grandfather at Fontainbleau. You will not be killed, and you will find her when you come back. Come, come—the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home.' In the evening I went to see Madame Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. 'To-morrow,' she said, 'we shall go to St. Germains—I will introduce you to my nieces: you will be delighted with one'—she is a charming girl.' Accordingly, next day, the General, Madame Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germains, and stopped at Madame Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the court-yard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought anxiously for her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us that she might salute the General and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming, and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great, that the General could not help laughing at her—but he went no further. It was decided that we should breakfast on the grass in the garden. In the meanwhile I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added—'I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good will of the General—and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul—but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me: it will not be difficult to find the pretext to break it off.—I shall depart: you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret.' While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company, and eight days afterwards we went to the municipality. The following day a poor priest, who had not taken the oaths, married us in a small Convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honore. This was in some manner forbidden, but Hortense set a great importance on that point: her piety was gentle and sincere."

COURTSHIP OF COBBETT.

We do not know that this designation is strictly correct. The story rather relates to Mr. C.'s getting in love, and the praises of his fair, than to any except an incidental notice of his suit. It is from his volume, mentioned last week, and entitled, "Advice to Young Men," &c. to whom he is careful to give the full benefit of his own experience.—*ib.*

"When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a Serjeant of artillery, and I was the Serjeant-Major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick.—I sat in the room with her, for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* of which I have said so much, and which has been to me far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to stroll out of doors a day to take a walk on a hill at the back of which our barracks lay. In about three days after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out in the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him, that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick in the morning.

From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I do mean my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was, at once, settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I alone with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a *hundred miles*, up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware, that, when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and did not like, besides, that she should come home to *work hard*. I had saved a *hundred and fifty guineas*, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money*, before she sailed; and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people: and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means; but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad *two years longer* than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so strong then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I curse Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt too, I am afraid! At the end of *four years*, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the Major of my regiment. I found my little girl *a servant of all work*, (and hard work it was,) at *five pounds a year*, in the house of a Captain Bruce; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands *the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!*

Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell the kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote *must* have produced on the minds of our children? Need I attempt to describe what effect this example ought to have on every young woman who shall do me the honour to read this book? Admiration of her conduct, and self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment were now added to my love of her beautiful person.

Now, I do not say that there are not many young women of this country who would, under similar circumstances, have acted as my wife did in this case; on the contrary, I hope, and do sincerely believe, that there are. But when *her age* is considered; when we reflect, that she was living in a place crowded, literally *crowded*, with gayly-dressed and handsome young men, many of whom really far richer and in higher rank than I was, and scores of them ready to offer her their hand; when we reflect that she was living amongst young women who put upon their backs every shilling that they could come at; when we see her keeping the bag of gold untouched, and working hard to provide herself with but mere necessary apparel, and doing this while she was passing from *fourteen to eighteen years of age*; when we view the whole of the circumstances, we must say that here is an example, which, while it reflects honour on her sex, ought to have weight with every young woman whose eyes or ears this relation shall reach."

Good News.—A paragraph in one of the French papers postpones the fatal visit of the Comet of 1832 to the year 87,832.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANALOGY.

A Discourse on this subject was delivered at Providence, by Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of R. Island, Sept. 7. After stating sundry facts and first principles in philosophical investigation, the Doctor thus proceeds:—

'You observe, that I speak of the science of analogy as something that is yet to be. It does not now exist, but it must exist soon. He who shall create it, will descend to posterity with a glory in no way inferior to that of Bacon or of Newton. He who would complete such a work must be acquainted with the whole circle of the sciences, and be familiar with their history: he must examine and analyze all the circumstances of every important discovery, and from the facts thus developed, point out the laws by which is governed the yet unexplained process of original investigation. When God shall have sent that genius to, on earth who was born to accomplish this mighty labour, then, one of the greatest obstacles will have been removed to our acquiring an unlimited control over all the agents of nature.

But, passing this part of the subject, remark, that whenever the laws of such a science shall have been discovered, I think that they will be found to rest upon the two following self-evident principles:—

First,—A part of any system which is the work of an intelligent agent, is similar, so far as the principles which it involves are concerned, to the whole of that system.

And, secondly,—The work of an intelligent and moral being, must bear, in all its lineaments, the traces of the character of its author. And hence, he will use analogy the most skilfully, who is the most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the system, and at the same time, most deeply penetrated with a conviction of the attributes of the First Cause of all things.

To illustrate this by a single remark:—Suppose I should present before you one of the paintings of Rapinel, and, covering by far the greater part of it with a screen, ask you to proceed with the work and designate where the next lines should be drawn. It is evident that no one but a painter need even make the attempt: and of painters, he would be the most likely to succeed, who had become best acquainted with the genius of Raphael, and had most thoroughly meditated upon the manner in which that genius had displayed itself in the work before him. So, of the system of the universe we see but a part. All the rest is hidden from our view. He will, however, most readily discover *where the next lines are drawn*, who is most thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Author, and who has observed, with the greatest accuracy, the manner in which that character is displayed, in that portion of the system which he has condescended to reveal to us.

All this is confirmed by the successive efforts of mind which resulted in the greatest of Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries. 'As he sat alone in his garden,' says Dr. Pemberton, 'he fell into a speculation on the power of gravity. That, as this power sensibly diminished at the remotest distances from the centre of the earth to which we can rise, it appeared to him reasonable to conclude, that this power must extend much farther than was usually thought. Why not as high as the moon, said he to himself, and if so, her motion must be influenced by it; perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby. And, if the moon be retained in her orbit by the force of gravity, no doubt the primary planets are carried round the sun by the like power.'* I think it self-evident, that this first germ of the system of the universe would never have been suggested to any man whose mind had not been filled with exalted views of the greatness of the Creator, and who had not diligently contemplated the modes in which these attributes were displayed in that part of his works which science has already discovered to us.

And if this distinction be just, it will lead us to divide philosophers into those who have been eminent for attainment in those sciences which are instruments of investigation; and those who, to their acquisitions, have added unusual skill in foretelling where these instruments could with the greatest success be applied. Among the ancients probably Aristotle belonged to the former, and Pythagoras and Archimedes to the latter class. Among the moderns, I think that infidel philosophers generally will be found to have distinguished themselves by accurate use of the sciences, and Christian philosophers by the additional glory of foretelling when and how the sciences may be used. I am not aware that infidelity hath presented to the world any discoveries to compare with those of Boyle and Pascal, and Bacon and Newton, or of Locke and Milton and Butler.

And here I may be allowed to suggest, that often as the character of Newton has been the theme of admiration, it has seemed to me that the most distinctive element of his greatness has commonly escaped the notice of his eulogists. It was neither in mathematical skill nor in mathematical invention, that he so far surpassed his contemporaries; for in both these respects he divided the palm with Huygens, and Kepler, and Liebnitz. It is in the wide sweep of his far-reaching analogy, distinguished alike by its humility and its boldness, that he has left the philosophers of all previous and all subsequent ages so immeasurably behind him. Delighted with his modesty and reciprocating his confidence, Nature held communion with him as with a favourite son; to him she unveiled her most recondite mysteries; to him she revealed the secret of her most subtle transformations, and then, taking him by the hand, she walked with him abroad over the wide expanse of universal being."—*Providence D. Adv.*

* Preface to an Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries.

Hip, Hip, Hurra!—Though the well known social propensities of our citizens have rendered the above sounds as familiar as 'household words' to every ear, yet we question if all our readers are equally familiar with their origin. As the season is fast approaching when they are considered more than usually in vogue, the following explanation may not be unacceptable:—During the stirring times of the Crusades, the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the inflammatory appeals of the well-known Peter the Hermit, who, inspired with the most enthusiastic zeal for the deliverance of the Holy Land, traversed almost every country in Europe, denouncing the backwardness, and infusing into the less timid a portion of his own fiery and impetuous excitement. While preaching the crusade this furious zealot was accustomed to exhibit a banner, emblazoned with the following letters, H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words—'Hierosolyma Est Perdita,' Jerusalem is destroyed. The people in some of the countries which he visited, not being acquainted with the Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as if one word—HEP. It is useless to relate by what means the vengeance of these pseudo-christians was at the time awakened against the Jews, but so it was. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed, whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets, to raise the cry 'Hep, hep, Hurra,' to hunt him down, and flesh upon the defenceless Israelite their maiden swords, before they essayed their temper with the cimetar of the Saracen. Hep, Hep, Hurra, thus became the *cri de guerre* of the Crusaders. How it fared with the martial Hermit and his followers, it matters not; but his war-cry has descended to the 19th century, and serves to stimulate our punch-bibbing Cits when met in Fleck's or Frazer's not to *cry down* a Jew, but to *cry up* the hitherto unheard of virtues of some ambitious aspirant to public notice.—*Scots Times.*

Keep your distance, sir.—A young chip of the law, who was recently ground out of a law-mill, in a neighbouring county, having got ready to open a shop for himself, travelled into the interior of this county till he came to a place where two roads met, and where there was no lawyer, and there stuck out his sign, set himself down, crossed his legs, mended his pen, and waited for the call of clients. The inhabitants of the town drew nigh and cast very suspicious glances at the sign. It was a sight they were not accustomed to; they thought they smelt a rat, and fearing that some mischief was brewing, they mustered their forces, marched up to the sign, pulled it down, gave it to the lawyer, and told him if he wanted to stick up such things as that, he must go into some other town. For they had always been a tolerably peaceable community, and they did not want any thing there that would be likely to set them together by the ears. The young squire tried to reason the case with them, told them of the advantages of having a professional man among them to defend and protect their legal rights, &c. &c. But they told him it was not a case to be argued, and he must take up his sign and march. Accordingly, finding the current too strong to be stemmed, he departed in quest of some other vacant corner.—*Portland Courier.*

Crowded Rooms. In an English Work, entitled the Philosophy of Medicine, containing numerous extracts on the nature of *health and disease*, we find the following striking—but, as we have every reason to believe, *authentic*—anecdote

"A lively young lady, who came to *Bath*, to put herself under the care of Dr. M. Adair, gave a rout, and insisted that the doctor should be of the party. The room was *small*, and the company very *numerous*. He had not been long seated at the card table, before a young gentleman, his partner, *fell into a swoon*. The doors were immediately thrown open to afford him fresh air, and the sash lifted up, and both the gentleman who swooned, and the young lady, Dr. Adair's patients, who were invalids, were much injured by the sudden exposure to a current of cold air. How the rest of the company were affected, says Dr. Adair, I had no opportunity of knowing; but my own feelings and sufferings, for many hours after I retired from this *area*, convinced me of the *dangerous consequences of such meetings*. On declaring, a few days days after, to one of my brethren, a man of humor, my resolution of writing a letter philippic against *routs*, he archly replied: "Let them alone, doctor; how could this place otherwise support *twenty-six* physicians?"

This fact, says our ingenious correspondent, to whom we are indebted for this article, serves to show, better than a thousand arguments without it, the danger of injury from confined air in close apartments. Hence we see that when we invite our friends to enjoy with us the pleasures of the social circle, we may incautiously be the means of rendering both them and ourselves miserable, by the poison of a corrupted atmosphere. Besides, how often do we find hundreds, and thousands, of individuals occupying a room with closed doors and windows, for an hour or two together! Much of the yawning, and dulness, and inattention of religious assemblies, is *often* produced by similar causes, though usually ascribed to a different origin. Crowded assemblies would do well to recollect that they are rendering the atmosphere absolutely poisonous, at the rate of at least

a gallon a minute, or a hogshead an hour to an individual and they are making it, more or less, impure and unwholesome with every breath. This happens too when the atmosphere is the most pure and dense. In hot weather, as the air is highly rarified, and other causes of impurity exist in greater abundance, it is poisoned at a much more rapid rate than in other seasons; and this should remind us of the necessity of a greater attention to ventilation.

One unenlightened reader may be baffled by the following—

Receipt for a Roast.—"Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can collect, and put them into a room, with a slow fire. Stew them well. Have ready two or pa- cards, a piano forte, a handful of prints or drawings, and put them in from time to time. As the mixture thickens, scatter it with patience, and season with wit. If you have any at hand, flattery will do, and is very cheap. When all have stewed well an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonade, and wines; the more of these ingredients you put in, the more substantial will your roast be. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off."—*Journal of Health.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1836.

A MODERN BEAU.

He is dressed within an inch of his life. His coat fits so close, that one, not acquainted with the fashions, would suppose that it was intended, like the straight jacket of the madman, to keep its wearer from doing harm. But he would be mistaken there. Your modern beau is not a dangerous animal. If he is to be classed among lunatics, it is the harmless ones. That he exhibits many symptoms of lunacy, however, is not to be denied. He is constantly talking of dress. It forms the subject of all his discussions among men; and of all his chit-chat among women. He talks of it in the morning, at noonday, in the evening—at lying down and at rising up. He talks of it in his sleep, and dreams of it when awake. At home or abroad, at parties or at church, dress is his constant theme. At table he talks of it, and the only part of a dish he cares to dwell upon is the *dressing*.

His eyes as well as his tongue are constantly employed on the subject of dress. They are looking abroad to note the beauties or defects in the dress of other people; or they are engaged in attending to the peculiarities and niceties of his own. He spends a large portion of his time before the glass, enjoying the elegance of his attire, or adjusting and putting in order its several parts. There is perchance an envious wrinkle to be smoothed; a lapel to be adjusted; a fold to be arranged. And the regulation of these things must take precedence of all other business. He passes half the day before the mirror, attitudinizing; viewing his dress in every possible position. Now he is brushing a mote from his coat; now he has espied a speck on his pantaloons. A hair of his head is now disordered, and he must go to the glass and arrange it; his whiskers want now twirling, and he must employ his fingers in their adjustment. His hair is cut close behind, and left projecting over his ears so as to resemble an owl. But it would be slandering that worthy bird to carry the comparison farther.

To say that a modern beau is solely the production of a tailor—or of nine tailors—would be going too far. It is not in the compass of their ingenuity to invent and execute throughout such a curious piece of work. The goldsmith has much to do in his formation. That delicate chain around his neck—with what ostentation he wears it! There may be, or there may be not, a watch attached to it. The lower end is inserted in his waistcoat pocket; and what there may be or may not be clinging thereto, is merely within the province of conjecture. There may be—but no that is not probable—turnips are not so plenty as watches, nor so cheap—there may be—nothing at all. But the *safety chain* is worn with no less care, than if there were a chronometer at the end of it worth a thousand dollars.

Mark the motions of the fellow. With what precision he moves, lest he should disorder his dress. Observe him ascending a flight of stairs. He cannot bend his knees, for by so doing he would bend his pantaloons. He therefore goes up stairs with a hop or a hitch—raising one whole side of his body, and then the other, alternately—or else leaping perpendicularly from step to step. He is equally troubled about sitting down; for though he would not object

"To crook the pliant hinges of the knee,"

he cannot bear the thoughts of *kneeing* his pantaloons. In sitting down, therefore, it is his principal desire to effect it with merely bending at the hips. But nature, who is said to delight in curves and crooks, withstands him here; and between the two his motions are most ludicrous. To avoid such a dilemma, he chooses as much as possible to stand; but as it is customary to sit at one's meals, he thrusts his legs straight under the table; and if long ones, makes them project on the other side.

He is girt in the waist, and bishoped out at the hips. His pantaloons are strapped over the shoulders and under the heels. There are many rare points about him; but the points of his shirt-collar—or rather the points of his shirtless collar—project several inches in front of his chin; so that in eating, great care is requisite to prevent the food, in approaching his mouth, from coming in contact with those projecting points. His bosom is filled with *studs*—we do not mean of horses, that noble animal having little affinity with the creature we are describing—but we mean a little ornament, or series of ornaments, arranged in front of the ducky—some black, some white, some yellow—some of gold, some of ebony, and some of paste. Some may be of precious stones, and some of precious metals; but whatever they are made of, they are precious in the eyes of the wearer; and he would think it of less consequence if half the stars were brushed from the heavens, than if one of his precious studs were lost.

As his own dress is the subject of supreme interest, that of others is matter of no little concernment, compared with his own. Hence he takes special note of every new coat that he sees, or may see—for he is constantly on the look out for sights like these—he marks its shape, its line, its hues; inquires its price, and the name of the maker; he points out its good qualities and its bad ones; draws a comparisen between that and his own; and enters into a thorough discussion of their respective merits, from the shape of the collar to the shine of a button.

Gall and Spurzheim appear to have overlooked the *organ of dress*. But whoever should examine the head of a modern beau, would doubtless find that organ "tremendously developed." How should it be otherwise? being, as it is, constantly filled with coats, waistcoats, pantaloons, collars, dickies, studs, safety-chains, and the like. If continual and active exercise tends to the development of an organ, then, we repeat, must the organ of dress in a modern beau be tremendously developed.

He accounts the eyes of mankind of no value, except as the instruments of seeing his dress; and his considers his own equally valueless, except as the means to its arrangement. If he speaks of a woman having fine eyes, he always does so in reference to himself; and means nothing more than that those eyes look admiringly on his own fine dress. If he speaks of any person having an eye for beauty; it is merely the elegance of his coat, the neatness of his vest, or the general perfection of his apparel.

In short, a modern beau, if not absolutely insane on the subject of dress, is an absolute fool on all subjects. But we are charitably inclined to the former supposition, both from the account given above, and because, we have occasionally noticed that whenever his mind can by any means be withdrawn from the particular subject of dress, he will talk with a tolerable degree of reason and good sense. Assuming it to be a disease then, we are grieved to see that it is so very prevalent in our cities; and we conceive it to be our duty as a christian and philanthropist, to recommend the erection of an Insane Hospital for *Lunatics in Dress*.

A JOCKIED FRENCHMAN.

A Frenchman, in this country, who was little acquainted with horse-jockies or horse-flesh, was grievously taken in, by a cheat, in the purchase of a steed. He gave a hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare, that had been fatted up to sell; and that turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind, and wind-broken. The Frenchman pretty soon discovered that he had been cheated, and went to request the jockey to take back the animal and refund the money.

"Sare," said he, "I 'ave fetch back de mare-horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back."

"Your pocket back!" returned the jockey, feigning surprise, "I don't understand you."

"You not stand under me!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously—"you not stand under me! Sare, by gar, you be one grand rascalle—you lie like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de leetle mountain?"

"Sam Hill, I suppose you mean."

"Oui, Monsieur—Sam de Hill—yes, sare, you lie like two Sam Hill. You sell me one mare-horse for one hunder dollair—he no vort one hunder cent, by gar."

"What's the matter with the beast?"

"Mattair! Sacre! Mattair, do you say? Vy he is all mattair—he no go at all—he got no leg, no feet, no vind—he blind like one stone vid dis eye—he no see nobody at all vid dat eye—he go vheeze-o, wheeze-o, like one forge-hammer-bellow—he go limp-lump, limp-lump—he no go over at all de ground—he no travelle two mile in tree day. Oui, sare, he is one grand sheat. You must take him, and fund de money back."

"Refund the money! Oh, no, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Vat! You no fund him back de money! You sheaty me vid one hunder dollar horse, dat no can go at all!"

"I never promised you that he would go."

"By gar! vat is one horse good for ven he no go? He is no better as one dead shack-ass, by gar. Vill you, sare, take de mare-horse back, and give me my money vat I pay him for?"

"No, sir, I cannot—'twas a fair bargain—your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentilman de turf! You be no gentilman at all—you be no turf—Mon Dieu! you be one Turque—one Shew—one sacre dam deceptione. You sheaty your own born moder—you play one rascalle trick on your own gotten fader. You 'ave no principalle—"

"The *interest* is what I look at."

"Yes, sare, your interest is no principalle. You be one grand rascalle, dat. Mon Dieu! vere you die and vere you go to? hich! the Diable black he fetch you no time quick, by gar."

Failing to obtain redress of the jockey, the poor Frenchman sent his "mare-horse" to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer seems to have been as great a rogue as the jockey; for he took care that the fees for selling should eat up the price he got for the steed.

"By gar!" said the Frenchman, in relating the story, "I be sheaty all round. De shocky-horse, he sheaty me in trade; and de auctioneer, he sheaty me to dispose of the hammalle. He sell me de mare-horse for ten dollar; and by ear, he sharge me 'leven dollar for selling. Mon Dieu! so I be take all round in. I lose 'leven and one hunder dollar all in my pocket clear, for one sacre, dam, limp-lump, wheeze-vind, no see at all, good-for-nothing shade of a mare-horse, worse as nineteen dead shack-ass, by gar!"

AN OTAHEITEAN.

The mate of a ship, lately arrived from the Pacific, gives us the following bit of a yarn. Being in want of hands, they had shipped a couple of natives of Otaheite. One of these was called Manno. He was an eccentric fellow; had more than once eaten human flesh, which he spoke of as delicious; and was moreover very fond of raw fish. He would watch his opportunity, whenever any of the finny tribe were caught and snatch and devour them alive and kicking, with the greatest avidity. He was particularly careful to seize upon the flying fish, as they chanced to fall upon deck, which, if any body saw him, he would endeavor to hide until he had an opportunity of devouring them unseen.

One night when Manno and the mate were above, the latter heard a flying fish drop upon deck, near the savage; and going to look for it, he found it was missing.

"Manno," said he, "what have you done with that fish?"

"No seen 'im—no seen 'im"—said the Otaheitean.

"Didn't you pick up a flying fish just now?"

"No—me no seen a flewin fish."

"You no seen him! Don't lie, Manno."

"No—me no lies—sarty, me no seen 'im."

"What's that kicking in your bosom?"

"Nossin—nossin at all"—persisted the savage, at the same time holding fast upon his shirt bosom to keep the fish still.

The mate thrust his hand into the fellow's bosom and pulled out the fish. Finding himself caught in a lie, Manno began to tremble in expectation of a flogging. But the mate presently relieved his apprehensions, by merely insisting that he should sit down upon the hen-coop and devour the fish in his sight. Manno obeyed, and set to work with an appetite. He smacked his lips at intervals, and seemed to enjoy his meal with remarkable relish. In a very short time he had eaten up the whole fish, the bones excepted. He was particularly fond of the head, and accounted the eyes a delicate morsel—saying they tasted sweet, "jus like *laccaly*"—molasses.

"There now," said the mate, after he had finished his savage meal, and licked his chops—"how do you like it?"

"Good! good!" said Manno.

At another time he eat four pounds of raw dolphin, and made himself excessively sick in consequence. But fond as he was of raw fish, he acknowledged that human flesh was still better; and that nothing he had ever eaten, equalled a bit of a nice plump young person.

A MUNCHAUSEN STORY.

We copy the following rather large story from JEREMY LEVIS. The narrator is one Sergeant Splint, who ought in justice to be the successor of Major Longbow:—"I was standing in the front rank at some confounded engagement or other—the name has slipped my memory—when I saw a fellow among the enemy take aim at me and apply the match to his cannon. So I watched, and just as the ball came skipping along I opened my legs—when it passed through, cutting off the lower limbs of three general officers who were behind me. 'Neatly done!' said my colonel, who was standing at my left hand—and, as the word escaped him, his head fell bounding at my feet. I had just time to kick it out of the way, when a huge Goliah came up on horseback with his sword drawn. He aimed a cut at my nose; but the bone was so hard that the weapon struck fire, burnt off my left whisker, and turning one side slit open my cheek—leaving the ugly scar you see there. 'Damn your nose!' cried the fellow in a rage, and drawing a devil of a pistol from his holster, shot me through the upper part of my mouth—which has given me the appearance of a hare-lip, as you see—though any fool might know by the little round hole at the top of the gash, that it was done by a pistol-ball. However, I caught the bullet in my teeth, and, as the enemy attempted to ride me down, spit it in his face. 'Don't be in such a hurry,' said I, 'my fine fellow!' and slipping between the forepaws of his horse, just as they were closing about my neck, I overthrew both horse and rider; then, deliberately cutting off the rascal's head, as he lay entangled in the reins, I slung it round my neck, by putting a handkerchief into the mouth and drawing it through the windpipe, and mounting his horse, 'It's an ill wind,' cried I, 'that blows nobody good!' and plunged into the thickest of the battle—where I made such havoc that the enemy stopped to cry as I passed, 'There goes Death on the pale horse!' My colonel was so pleased that he said to me, 'Splint, you rascal,' says he, 'if you were a gentleman I'd give you my place on the spot. As it is, I must keep it myself—but I'll make you a sergeant.' So I went to bed that night, Sergeant Splint.—*I have finished my story.*"

LECTURES AT CLINTON HALL.

Two courses of Lectures are to be delivered at Clinton Hall the ensuing winter. One, by Professor Griscom, is to be on Chemistry; the other, by, a number of gentlemen who have generously volunteered their services, is to embrace a variety of subjects, and to be called the Associate Course. Among these gentlemen are Albert Gallatin, Chancellor Kent, Mr. Verplanck, and several others distinguished for their learning and scientific attainments. Of the different subjects comprised in the volunteer course, we are not sufficiently informed to speak positively; but Chancellor Kent, if we mistake not, is to lecture on Commercial Law; Mr. Gallatin, on Political Economy; and others, on subjects both interesting and useful.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Verplanck delivered the Introductory Lecture to the Associate Course. It was not confined to any particular subject, but went chiefly to point out the advantages of the succeeding Course, and to encourage his hearers in the useful employment of their leisure hours. The lecturer spoke of the privileges enjoyed by the young men of this city, and especially by those of the Mercantile Library Association, for whom the lectures are more particularly intended. He compared the present age, in point of general and various knowledge, to those which have preceded it, and even to a period no further back than a century ago—when few persons knew, or were expected to know, any thing beyond their own particular business or calling—when the lawyer was contented with his knowledge of writs and special pleading; and the merchant confined all his attainments to the art of buying and selling, and the management of his day-book and leger. But now, such were the opportunities for acquiring information on all subjects, that a man, though not deeply imbued with any one, might acquire a general understanding of all. He would not allow that the famous line of Pope—

"A little learning's a dangerous thing"—

was true in all cases; but that it should be confined to those smatterers who make pretensions to a knowledge which they do not possess.

Young gentlemen engaged in the duties of mercantile life, could not generally expect, from the nature of their employments, to become deeply versed in literature and the sciences; but yet they might attain much by the studious application of their leisure hours, which would add to their respectability in life, and increase their stock both of individual and social enjoyment. There were, however, numerous cases in which persons had distinguished themselves in a course diverse from their every day calling: and he named Dr. Priestly, who, though by profession a clergyman—a teacher of religion and ethics—made such discoveries in Chemistry, as to be styled the father of that science in modern times; he also named Ricardo, a merchant of London, who had written the best treatise extant on the subject of political economy; and William Roscoe, a merchant of Liverpool, well

known as the distinguished scholar and philanthropist, who by his own unaided efforts had raised himself to be one of the greatest ornaments of the age. To these he might have added several American names—such as Franklin, Rittenhouse, Fulton, and others.

The lecture of Mr. Verplanck was written with learning and elegance, and was calculated to awaken and encourage a studious disposition in the youth of our city; and to cherish and foster a just pride in the acquisition of knowledge.

LITERARY TARIFF.

The following is extracted from the Massachusetts Journal; and there is reason in it. Why should not the growth of genius be encouraged by a tariff, as well as the growth of wool; and the manufacture of a book, as well as that of cotton cloth? Are the productions of the hand alone to be protected, and those the head left to struggle for themselves? But to the extract:

Writers are about the only numerous class of workingmen in the U. S. who are not protected by the tariff! We have often thought that upon the principles of the tariff, justice and fairness require that such a duty should be laid upon the importation of foreign books *intended for re-publication*, or such an *excise* laid on such works *when republished* as would give American authors a chance for a *fair competition* in our market with Englishmen. How is it now? The market is glutted with a vast importation of trashy and pernicious books, republished from London editions, and rapidly teaching us all the vices, luxuries and follies of foreign countries. What chance have the best American writers to get pay enough for their hardest toils and their finest efforts to save them from absolute starvation, when copies of every popular English book can be obtained for nothing? What American publisher will give much for the works of Miss Sedgwick, Bryant, Sigourney, or of a good many more who are worthy to be mentioned and would do honor to any country, when they can get for nothing for republication as many English novels and poems as the market will hold? What is the result? Our distinguished writers are very generally adopting the idea that England, not their native country, is the meridian suited to them. Indeed there is no doubt that the same talent and popularity which give a bare support to a writer in the U. States would afford a splendid fortune in Great Britain. Our writers are overwhelmed by the literature 'in bales and hogsheads' which is daily unladen from England. Paper-makers, type-founders, press-makers, bookbinders, and booksellers are all protected, otherwise they would fall into irremediable decay and ruin. Why should not writers be protected, cared for and encouraged as well as they? Is a national literature or a national book the only manufacture which is beneath the notice of a nation of readers?

Novel-reading. "No young, unmarried woman," says Jeremy Levis, "ought to be permitted to read a novel of any description. Had I a daughter with a heart of ice, and a face as grim as the lion's head on an antique knocker, she should never pore upon a tale of love to make that ice smoke or induce her to believe that her face was as good as her neighbor's. Nature teaches us to sigh soon enough in all conscience, without our needing the bellows of imagination to inflate the lungs prematurely."—Such sentiments from a novel-writer must be allowed to come with considerable weight, inasmuch as they are in direct opposition to his interest—young ladies constituting a very large proportion of the whole number of the readers of fiction.

Singing Voice. Mr. King, Professor of Elocution (78 Murray street,) who has been so successful in the cure of Stammering, we perceive advertises to "impart a system for the practice of the *singing* voice by which it may be greatly improved—together with the art of pronouncing words as distinctly when *singing* as when *speaking*." This last is certainly an improvement much to be desired. Why should not a singer pronounce so as to be understood as well as a speaker? Why are certain words sung rather than spoken, unless it be, that the sound may impart an interest to the sense? And how can an interest be given to the sense, where there is no sense at all—or in other words where the sense is not understood? The most popular vocalists have this crying fault, that scarcely a word of what they are singing can be understood; and if Mr. King will cure them, as thoroughly as he has some stammerers, he will deserve the gratitude of their auditors.

Wooden Lamps. Messrs. W. & L. Collins, No. 67 Maiden Lane, have sent us a present of a pair of wooden lamps an assortment of which they have for sale. This we believe, is somewhat of a new article in the market. But why should there not be wooden lamps, as well as wooden nutmegs and pumpkin-seeds? Seriously, however, they are a very pretty article, being made of bird's-eye maple and handsomely varnished. They look better than the japaned lamps, require no scouring like the brass ones and will not break like those of glass. Not having yet given them a trial, we can throw no further *light* on the subject, but we will presently indite an article by their aid, and then—

Ridiculing the Militia. "We rejoice," says the Philadelphia Gazette, "to perceive that the citizens of New-York persist in ridiculing the odious and useless Militia System. Never was there any thing in this world which invited and deserved it more." This opinion of the Philadelphia Gazette is not singular—the papers generally, as far as we have seen, speak favorably of the attempt of our citizens to effect by the shafts of ridicule, what has been essayed in vain by the force of argument.

Burlesque Parades. Some persons assert, that the late attempts to ridicule our equal, useful and glorious Militia System, so far from having the desired effect, will only make the members of the Legislature the more determined in its support. It may be so, for mules are proverbially obstinate. But they cannot always enjoy the provender.

Cheap Marrying and Unmarrying. By a new law of Tennessee, the fee for marrying a couple is reduced to 50 cents. This is dog-cheap. A bill was before the legislature of the same state, to enable females to get unmarried without costs. This is accommodating.

Chanting Choruses. We need add nothing to the article in our last week's paper, in commendation of this beautiful group. They do the highest honor to the talents of our countryman Mr. Greenough; and we hope the exhibition will meet with that liberal encouragement which it so well deserves, and which our citizens are accustomed to bestow on the efforts of genius and of art. We would merely mention here, that the Cherubs may be seen to advantage in the evening, when many persons can probably attend, whose engagements deprive them of that pleasure in the day time. Those who have not seen them should embrace an early opportunity to do so, as we understand their stay in this city will be short.

The Club-Book.—This is a work in the production of which several popular authors have clubbed their wits together, and produced a series of Tales on different subjects. Among the contributors are G. P. R. James, John Galt, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Allan Cunningham, the Ettrick Shepherd, &c. &c. From such a constellation of talent, we look for something excellent. We shall give a more full account of this work, as soon as we have had time for its perusal. It forms the 13th and 14th numbers of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

Park Theatre. Colonel Nimrod Wildfire—alias, Mr. Hackett—closed his engagement at the Park, on Tuesday evening, with a "burster." The Lion of the West has been greatly improved under the re-writing of Mr. Stone; and—though he brings the Colonel's "screamer," as the latter call's his sweet-heart,—all the way from Kentucky merely to show her to the audience in the last scene of the last act—the play is likely to continue a great favorite with the public, especially while Hackett continues to act the part of the gallant Colonel.

Richmond Hill Theatre. This new establishment is succeeding very well; and indeed affording attractions of no common order, to those who are fond of good acting. Messrs. Cooper and Holland are playing to full houses; and Mrs. Duff is lending the aid of her talents in the tragic line to add to the attractions of the rest.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

I, is the first person.
Thou, is the second person.
He, She, or *It*, is the third person.

Scene—The residence of Lindley Murray, Esq.; the entrance occupied by *Mutes*.

I. These sentinels in sable clad,
Why stand they there supinely sad?
Thou. To mimic sorrow they convene,
And mark the door where death has been;
But vain it were if I should ask
For whom they speed their mournful task,
Since he, whose door they have surrounded,
Has said, that mutes could not be sounded.
He, She, or *It.* Death, then, if I have rightly heard,
Was so irregular a word,
That Murray, though he might define it,
Was quite unable to decline it.—*Lond. Lit.Gaz.*

MARSHAL NEY.

'A few weeks after my imprisonment, as I was one day walking in the yard, I saw Marshal Ney at the bottom of the staircase which led to my former dungeon. He bowed to me as he went quickly up, accompanied by the jailer and an officer of the gendarmes. It was thus I learned that he was arrested. Like me, he had scorned to leave the kingdom, and had only sought refuge in the country seat of one of his wife's relations, near Cahors. His sabre, which he had left in the drawing-room, betrayed him for the first time. He suffered himself to be taken, convinced that they would not dare to condemn him. After he had remained a month in that dungeon, he was at last placed above me, in the registrer's lodging. There was a stove that defended him from the cold; and his grated window, being higher than mine, procured him a less unwholesome air than what I breathed. But his name and his rank could not protect him from the hardships they seemed to take pleasure in inflicting on him. He played tolerably well on the flute, and, during several days, he amused himself with his instrument. He was, however, deprived of this resource, under the pretence that it was against the rules of the prison. He repeatedly played a waltz, which I long recollected, and frequently hummed in my evening musings. I had never heard it any where else, till once again it struck my ear in Bavaria. It was at a *bal champetre*, on the borders of Lake Starnberg. I had before my eyes young peasant girls merrily skipping on the fresh green sward. The air was sweet and melancholy, and, when played on the flute, it immediately recalled to my memory the Conciergerie, and I retired, unable to repress my tears, and repeating with bitter feelings the name of the unfortunate Marshal."—*Lavallette.*

The Yankees.—One man at Charlestown, Massachusetts, has gathered 363 lbs. of *squashes* from *one* seed—another at Portsmouth plucked an *apple* from one of his trees that weighed 1 lb. 10 oz.—and the *cow* of a third dexterously shook a quince tree, and ate a peck of the golden fruit! A fourth makes about $2,000 a year by the manufacture of *shaving boxes* to assist the operation of *scillificating* the beards of southern gentlemen. A fifth grows *water-melons* weighing 39-1-2 lbs. So they go on. With any thing—from a shaving box to a ship, from contriving wooden nutmegs to the use of the bayonet—from making cider to handling 32 pounders, the Yankee always wished to "go ahead;" and he will sit down, with a penknife, to make a clock out of cedar shingles—or enter for a three years' voyage to the Pacific to harpoon whales—"just as it happens?" Two of them, some years ago, took a trip to Canton in an old sloop, in which they built an oven, and commenced the manufacture of *gingerbread*; and having gathered money, returned with a "considerable" cargo of teas, which they picked up "in trade." And one who had recently, peradventure, returned from a voyage among the frozen islands of the south, to catch seal—lately managed a team of one *hundred and fifty pairs* of oxen at a cattle show, marching and countermarching them like a well-drilled company of soldiers, at command! We may next hear of him teaching a school, or hammering horse-shoes—building a mill, weaving cotton table-cloths, or making mouse-traps!—His only motto is "onward"—*always onward.*—*Niles' Reg.*

An Ingenious Swindler. One day last week, just as the steamer Oliver Ellsworth was about to leave the wharf at New York, a personage, with huge black whiskers, and a slightly foreign accent, made his appearance on board, apparently in a great hurry; and his tawny forehead covered with perspiration. Walking up to a knot of passengers, he inquired with much eagerness, if they had seen on board a gentlemen whom he proceeded to describe. An answer was given in the negative.—He then informed them that he had expected to meet a friend there, who had promised to be present at the time the steamer left, and to pay him some money, for which a creditor of his was then waiting. He desired to go on in the boat,—and taking out a gold watch, observed that if any gentleman present could loan him the small sum of twenty dollars, he would leave the watch with him, which, as might easily be observed, would be ample security.—A kind-hearted individual standing by, remarked that he was possessed of but little cash, but that he would advance five dollars, and if any other gentleman would contribute the remaining fifteen, to complete the sum wanted, the contributor of the larger amount might keep the watch, and the gift of five dollars should be at his own risk. An honest Yankee standing near immediately took from his faded red morocco pocketbook fifteen dollars, and gave to the stranger, who handed it in exchange, the gold repeater, and made off to cancel his debt. The Ellsworth was soon under way—and as she moved along up the East river, the person who had the watch in his possession, mentioned the circumstances to Capt. Waterman, and inquired if the man had returned, to whom he had paid his money. "Let us see your repeater," says the Captain. It was produced. "I rather suspect, my friend," says an observer, 'that you are "done up."—That watch is not worth one dollar. Like Hackett's watch, "the case is pinchbeck, and it han't no in'rd's." The bitten, chop-fallen, wight turned the gilded bauble over and over in his rough scamy hand, and eyed it with any thing but a triumphant leer—uttering ever and anon, in a most emphatic tone, "Darnation!" When he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment and indignation, he began to feel compassion for his companion in mortification, who had disbursed the five dollars.—He endeavored to search him out among the condoling passengers. But he was with the absent. When he had fully ascertained the fact that his generous fellow-contributer was a accomplice of the whiskerando who had bamboozled him, he gave vent to his anger in the reiterated vociferation of his expressive "Dernation!"

Emery the English Actor. One evening when Pizarro was announced as the play, there was considerable delay in commencing, in consequence of one of the performers being absent: the audience became impatient, when John Kemble (Rolla) came forward and delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentleman,—at the request of the *principal* performers in the play this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is *Mr. Emery.*" The house received this explanation without any disapprobation or otherwise.—(Emery, at that period, although a very pathetic actor, had not arrived at the summit of excellence and on this evening the part of the Sentinel was given to him.) Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a face red with haste and wet with perspiration—on rushed the culprit Emery (stayed some moments before the audience apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and Gentlemen—this is the first time I have ever had to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when I am sure I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies (for you I must particularly address) my wife!" and here the poor fellow's feelings almost overcame him, "my wife was but an hour since brought to bed, and I"—— (thunders of applause interrupted the apology) "and I ran for the doctor." "You've said enough," exclaimed a thousand tongues. "And I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew she was safe." "Brave, Emery, you've said enough!" was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand on his heart, and bowed gracefully to all parts of the house. The play proceeded without interruption; but it appeared Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble; for, in that scene before the prison door, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:

Rolla. Have you a wife?
Sentinel. I have.
Rolla. Children?
Sentinel. I had two this morning—I have *three now.*

Loud applause followed this retaliation, which continued so long that the entire effect of the scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

Value of a nail. We have been told that the first nail ever seen in Madagascar was taken from a boat at Riotea. It was a spike nail, and brought hither by its fortunate possessor as something of rare value. And so it proved, for he made no small gain by lending it out to hire to canoe builders to bore holes in the sides of their planks. Afterwards another lucky fellow got hold of a nail, and not knowing how such a thing came into existence, he shrewedly conjectured that it must have been formed by a process of vegetation. Wherefore, to propagate so valuable an exotic, he planted his nail in the ground, but waited in vain for the blade, the bud, the blossom and the fruit. This man is still living, and has not heard the last of his speculation, being often reminded, to his no small chagrin, of the folly by which he acquired at least one piece of knowledge. *Tyerman and Bennet's Voyages.*

Anecdote of Northcote.—One day Sir W. Knighton called upon the veteran, (to whose friendship he had been much indebted before his distinguished connexion with his late Majesty), and asked him: "What do you know of the Prince Regent?" "Nothing," said Northcote; "what should I?" "Why he knows you very well," said Knighton.—"Who says so?" "Himself." "Pooh!" said Northcote; "it is only his *brag.*"

England in the 17th Century. England is undeniably the Queen of Islands, the empire and arsenal of Neptune; with this, she is the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the land of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the stay of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of oppositionists, and the paradise of freemen. The women are fair, but—their beauty is arid; her sons are brave, but their bravery often degenerates into savageness; wit and wisdom prevail to an extent which is probably unknown in other countries, but insupportable pride abstracts from their merit; it may well be said that fortune has here distributed her largesses in profusion, but these insular beings know not the proper use of them where the stranger is in question; their language is an admixture of almost every tongue in Europe, but they combine it with the drawback—that they set it above every other. In short, the English are a people who want for nothing that can conduce to happiness excepting wisdom in the art of enjoying it.

By Count Oxenstein, of Sweden.

MUSIC.

"Come, thou enchantress, Music, with thy strains
Alternate wake delight, or calm our pains:
Thou can'st attune the heart to every change
Of feeling, as thy fancy loves to range:
Thou art mysterious Harmony, by Heaven
To man a solace for his sorrows, given.
The Hermit dreams of music in his cell,
Of voices heard in Heaven the choral swell:
The Pilgrim hears the vesper bell it chase
Of day, and nears the city of repose,
Cheerful, yet pensive; while the minstrels come,
With merry sounds, to cheer the Burgher's home.
Now rouse the warrior's sons; now in the lute,
With low fine touch, the lover's ear salute."

C. Leigh.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

Why do they say that marriages are made in heaven? It may be the case sometimes,—in the great majority of cases, if you will,—but it is a fact which nobody can deny, that when Plutus interferes in matrimony, the arrangements seem in general to come from his kinsman Pluto—not Jupiter. The matches are tipped with brimstone, as our earthly matrons are wont to be, not bearing with celestial fire, as the etherial Trambeaux which we see depicted in the hands of Cupid.

I could tell many a story to illustrate this, if I pleased; for the present, I shall choose only one.

Jack Latitat was a pleasant, good-humoured fellow whom his fate had bound to an attorney. He went his way through the office in which he was fixed, in the usual manner—imbibing as much law, and as much honesty, as is generally imbibed in such atmospheres. Had not fortune interfered with one of her lucky accidents, he would by this time have been flourishing a solicitor of considerable standing, and no doubt in great repute and prosperity, for his connexion was excellent. But a fortunate accident *did* occur, and it emancipated him from all considerations of Themis.

His father, for one reason or another, had contracted a friendship in early life, with one of those incomprehensible individuals, (I mean incomprehensible to me,) who have the art of making immense fortunes out of nothing. Grub was, I believe, originally an errand boy, and the years of manhood found him advanced no higher than the rank of porter in a warehouse. Chance—luck—Providence—what you please, threw him under the eye of one of the principal proprietors, and he worked upwards. At forty, he was actually a clerk, with an unquestionable salary of £100 a year.

I have already said that the progress of these individuals is wholly beyond my comprehension, and therefore shall not endeavour to trace the steps by which Grub rose from the post of clerk, to that of junior partner—of elder partner—of sole proprietor of the enormous establishment into which he had entered as a sweeper, or some other grade as inglorious. It is quite certain that before he was sixty, all these promotions had occurred. It is only the first step that is difficult. At seventy, he was worth half a million of money, and began to think of retiring, in order to enjoy life. Procrastination, however, interfered as usual, and eighty found the old gentleman still busied for some purpose, for he died worth a million of money.

Old Latitat was his only friend. The companions of his youth were carefully shaken off as he rose in life, because they exhibited a vast desire to borrow money of him, and Latitat was an acquaintance of later date. Some legal business drew them together, and a congeniality of disposition soon cemented a friendship. Jack, of whom I am writing, was but a child when the intimacy began, and as he was the only child whom old Grub ever admitted into his house, he was looked upon, at last, by the man of money, with as close an approach to parental affection as it was possible for him to feel. Jack's father died some few years before the old gentleman, and from that time forward he was all but formally adopted.—The old man never told him that he would leave him a farthing, and he took care to give him very few: but cautious observers saw in Jack Latitat the future lord of Grub's million.

He was still kept to the law, although he lived in the house of his patron, whose business, for a lawyer, was by no means inconsiderable. At this time I knew him; Grub kept him poor enough, and the dissipations in which my friend Jack could indulge were but few. Such as they were, however, he entered into them with as much *gusto* as he dared. I will not sully the aristocratic columns of the *Court Journal* with any reference, however distant, to the specific kind of gaieties in which men of Jack's furnished purses, who do not think of mixing "in good society," indulge; but Jack was a gay fellow, a choice spirit, under the rose, quaffed his rum—and—water, (alas! I have let out part of my plebeian secret,) and sported his half-crown with unimpeachable generosity. He sung a good rattling song in those days, and protested with many a vow, not registered in Heaven, that he would show how an old miser's money could be spent, as soon as it pleased his Infernal Majesty to send for old Grub.

I hope the old gentleman did not travel the path to which he had been so often consigned; but, what was the same thing to all parties concerned except himself, he left *this* world,—and, as had been anticipated, Jack was the heir of his wealth. He was worth full fifty thousand a year. What an alteration! On Monday morning he would have been puzzled to raise a sovereign—on Tuesday, he was a *millionaire!* I am sorry to say, that with the expansion of his purse, there came none of the promised symptoms of a more liberal diffusion of the old gentleman's money. Jack, like many others whom I have known—whom every body has known—was generous when he had nothing to lose, and very careful of his money when he got it.

He did not, however, do exactly as his predecessor: he left the city, and shone forth in the west end of the town. It is not necessary for me to tell those who know any about what is going on the world, that he was a catch of the first magnitude, second only to the Duke of Buccleuch, who was the great prize of the season. The clubs of all kinds flew open at his approach; all the mammas with daughters to dispose of, *fêted* the rich bachelor; he was a pet, a lion—anything you like. For a while he was somewhat awkward; but, take my word for it, a man of fifty thousand a year cannot long continue to be awkward.—Indeed, I think fifty thousand a year of itself confers an air of gentility, which those who pique themselves most on their elegance may despair of attaining, if they have only a fiftieth part of the sum. The attorney of Craven-street—the dependent of Bucklersbury—the *bon virant* of the Cock and Bottle—was soon a leading star at Almack's, and all other places where ladies and gentlemen 'most do congregate.'

Most of us are destined to marry sometime or another—and it was owing to that law of our species, I suppose, that John Latitat, Esq., M.P.—for such he soon was—felt himself irresistibly attracted to Lady Cecilia Beechwood. The lady was not particularly young—say *twenty-nine*—(unmarried ladies never pass that age)—but then, Jack was some five and-forty. She was not especially handsome, but her figure was fine. She rode magnificently—and her appearance was decidedly aristocratic. She was (and is of course) highly accomplished, and all that; and her family is one of the first in England—but, like many other long descended houses, the length of the purse is in the inverse ratio of the length of the genealogy. Lady Cecilia, with her four or five thousand pounds, was but too happy to obtain such a suitor as the heir of Grub's guineas.

In due time they were married. The lady made it scarcely a secret, that she took him for his money; he was equally candid in avowing that he cared not so much for the lady, as for the honour of becoming, as it were, one of the nobility. There was something splendid in the idea of the existence of such a person as Lady Cecilia Latitat. It is not every day that you see such a combination of names. Then there was my father-in-law, the Earl—my mother-in-law, the Countess—Lord Beechwood, my brother—the Duke of Dunder, my uncle—&c. This particularly tickled Jack, because he might use these magnificent words without their costing him anything.

Both lady and gentleman, however, soon found themselves mistaken. Latitat had no idea of wasting money, and Lady Cecilia was kept strictly to her pin-money, which the marriage-settlements (Jack drew them up himself) had fixed at only a thousand a year. Her noble brothers had no chance of borrowing even such trifles as a few hundreds from the Croesus whom they had imported into their family. He might be golden, but an attorney of twenty-four years standing was by no means a Goose. The close habits of household economy of old Grub, had, in some measure, descended to his representative; and he had a most professional (or rather, let me say, unprofessional) trick of taking bills of all kinds. He possessed a perfect knowledge of the value of a guinea, and though not unwilling to part with one, when he saw occasion, grumbled very deeply when he got only twenty shillings' worth of value in return. All this to the noble family of which he had become a member, seemed unutterably mean. They had but few guineas, to be sure; but they never looked at an account—and submitted, or pretended to submit, to be robbed of their shillings with a most lordly air of indifference.

Quarrels arose very soon. I am almost ashamed to say how soon; but, before the honey-moon was over, the beams were clouded. The cram of the purse indulged in certain taunts on the poverty of his noble relatives; they, the men of blood, were equally candid on the plebeianism of their new connexion. He called them 'impertinent paupers;' they, in return, gave him the flattering appellation of a 'low fellow.' It was a standing joke, in the family of the Beechwoods, to talk of ordering stuffings from 'our uncle's brother-in-law's uncle, the baster,' or to propose patronizing 'our sister's cousin by marriage, the tailor;' and in fact, such favours were occasionally bestowed, whether to the advantage of those worthy dealers in habiliments or the contrary, I do not pretend to say. Latitat had his revenge by pitying the forlorn condition of his noble sister-in-law, compelled to put down her carriage; or an illustrious brother-in-law, who found it convenient to live in Boulogne.

At last, an explosion came, and they parted. It was no wonder, to those who knew any thing of their domestic affairs: but of course the newspapers made it a matter of astonishment. What was in reality the thing to be astonished at was their re-union, which occurred some time after.

But my paper is growing too long. How they met—how they behaved to one another—what the lady said, and what the gentleman did—who interfered, and why they interfered,—all this, and many matters more, are subjects quite considerable enough for another paper.

MY LOVE.

I loved as none have ever loved,
Whate'er their love might be,
Else would not parting with her wrung
Such bitter pangs from me.
Yet, musing on what might have been,
I dream my time away:
'Tis idle as my early dreams,
But, ah! 'tis not so gay.

If aught of pleasure yet is mine—
A pleasure mixed with pain—
'Tis pond'ring on the days gone by,
Which ne'er can come again!
When she, all lovely as she's still,
Blushed when I call'd her fair,
And, if she never bade me hope,
She ne'er bade me despair.

For thee, dear maid, I fondly sigh'd,
For thee I now repine,
Since Fate has sworn in solemn words,
Thou never canst be mine!
Yet fondly do I love thee still,
Though hope ne'er mingles there;
A wilder passion sways me now—
'Tis love joined to despair.

Farewell, a world whose gayest scenes
No pleasure bring to me;
I'd hate it's smile, did I not think
It may give joy to thee.
But, if thou ever lov'st like me,
No joy will light thine eye,
Save transient gleams, like wintry suns,
Short glancing in the sky.

Gilfillan.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

OPINIONS OF MR. WEBSTER.

"Imprisonment, as a punishment for having contracted debts which the debtor cannot pay, is neither consistent with the spirit of the times, nor with any just views of expediency and propriety. The business of mankind, in this age, is too much connected with a system of mutual debts and credits to allow it to be considered a *crime* for a man to be in debt.

Nevertheless, a broad proposition to abolish *all* imprisonment for debt, is rather startling, and may well alarm those who wish to preserve wholesome and just laws. Because, if *all* imprisonment for debt were to be abolished, it is quite certain that a man might have much property, and yet set his creditors at defiance.

In the multitude and complexity of the forms in which property may be holden, in a commercial community, there are many *deposites*, where it cannot be reached, by creditors, by any legal process. One obvious and striking instance is that of money in the funds. There is no mode that I am acquainted with, by which public stocks can be attached, or taken in execution by creditors. One might have a hundred thousand dollars in the funds, live on the interest, and bid defiance to his creditors, from whom, perhaps, he had obtained the money to make the purchase.

Annuities, rents for life, charged on land, money in the hands of executors and administrators—in short, notes of hand and bills of exchange, which the debtor may hold in his pocket, to any amount, are all instances and proofs of the necessity of some means of *compelling* payment, where the power of making payment does really exist.

This indicates the true, and *only* true and proper object of imprisonment for debt:—which is *to coerce payment, where the debtor is able, but not willing to pay.*

Therefore, imprisonment ought not to be suffered by a debtor who *is not justly suspected* of holding back or concealing his property. This is the principle on which bankrupt laws proceed. If the debtor will make a full disclosure and assignment of his effects, for the use of his creditors, he is to be discharged; if he will not, he is to be imprisoned, and *closely* imprisoned till he will;—not because he is in debt, but because he fraudulently withholds and appropriates to himself the property of another.

And this is not unjust nor unreasonable. It is a fair test of the honesty and good intentions of the debtor. If he will fairly disclose his effects, and assign them, there is no further use of imprisonment; but until he is willing to do this, he must submit to be considered a fraudulent debtor, and may and ought to be imprisoned.

If there be no expectation, and perhaps there is, at this moment, no well founded expectation, that Congress may be prevailed on to enact a Bankrupt Law, the States are in duty bound to adopt such regulations on the subject of insolvency, as the necessities of the case call for, and as are consistent with their constitutional powers.

It is a great evil that different States should possess different systems of Insolvency. But this evil can not be imputed to the States. It is a mischief for which others are justly accountable.

When a man is arrested, on execution, for a debt, which *he cannot pay*, nor secure, to the creditor's satisfaction, it may certainly be taken for true, in a commercial community, that he is insolvent; that is, that his debts exceed his means.

Therefore, the imprisonment ought to cease *immediately*, if he will as immediately, execute an assignment *of his property*, for the *equal* benefit of his creditors; to be accompanied with a schedule, under oath. And if he require time to prepare a schedule, he ought to have it, on giving security for his appearance, when the time expires.

Nothing can be plainer to any man's comprehension, than the injustice of legal preferences and priorities, among creditors whose debts are equally just. Therefore all assignments ought to be for the equal benefit of all existing creditors.

The true design of imprisonment being to produce a disclosure and assignment of effects, when this purpose has been accomplished, there ought to be no further imprisonment *on any debt.*

Therefore, when the schedule has been furnished and the assignment made, the debtor ought, from that moment, to be free from arrest or imprisonment on any debt existing at that time.

The best informed and wisest reasoners on these subjects, think that the general good of society requires, that on the distribution of his effects among his creditors, not only ought the debtor to be no longer liable to imprisonment, but that the debts themselves ought to be discharged, in order that he may be encouraged to strive once more, and by renewed efforts to make a provision for himself and his family. This opinion proceeds on the principle that as property is the great ligament of society, *every man, as far as is possible, ought to be able to see, that the acquirement and enjoyment of it are within the reach of his efforts and industry.* This is the grand stimulus, which makes industrious, economical and good citizens.—All thinking Legislators will be cautious that they do not, by laws which produce little or no benefit to the creditor, oblige the debtor to consider himself as one, who cannot, hereafter, enjoy the blessings of *property.* It is quite obvious that great and various evils would result from having in the bosom of society, a numerous class of this description of persons. This topic might be pursued; but every man's reflections will suggest many things, besides those which are here mentioned.

For these reasons, the State laws ought to provide, as far as they constitutionally may do, for a discharge of the *debt*, to follow the assignment and distribution of effects.

I imagine it would be competent for the Legislature to provide, that when a debtor had made an assignment of his lands, tenements, hereditaments, goods, effects and credits, in trust for his creditors, the fund shall be divided among such of the creditors as are willing to receive their just dividend, *on condition of discharging their debts.* If they do not choose to comply with this condition, they will retain their debts, with a right to collect it out of the future acquisitions of the debtor, but not by arresting or imprisoning his person.

I am aware that many persons will think that a law, such as I have now suggested, would be attended with mischief—that there would be many frauds, in the disclosures of debtors, much concealment, &c.

The answer to all such arguments is two fold: first, that such mischiefs exist now to a great extent: secondly, that a *discriminating* system is much more likely to remedy them, than a system which makes no discrimination nor distinction between willing and unwilling, honest and fraudulent debtors.

The debtor ought to know, that if he has property, he must produce and assign it without fraud or concealment, or else be imprisoned, closely, till he will so produce and assign his property. He ought in the next place to know, that by a fair and full surrender of his effects he can avoid all imprisonment.

He will find also a wholesome check against extravagance and speculation, in the recollection, that his entire discharge from debt, must, after all, under the present condition of things, depend on the good opinion which his creditors entertain of him.

There is one evil, connected with this subject, now existing, too plain not to be seen by every body; and too great not to be lamented by all good men. I mean the commitment for very small and trifling debts.—One angry man sues another, for forty shillings, who, perhaps, as angrily resists payment; and is finally put in gaol for forty shillings debt and eighty shillings cost. Now, whether the debtor, in such case, have reason to complain or not, *society* suffers by allowing this species of petty hostility. Perhaps the best way would be to allow no imprisonment or execution for small sums. Or, if the debtor be arrested, and have nothing, and be willing to take the oath, now provided by law, he ought to be admitted to take it immediately. What is the use of keeping him in gaol, a fortnight or a month, before he is admitted to the oath? If he is able to earn his own support, he had better be out of gaol, and employed: if he be not, and is a pauper, still the public can support him better in the Almshouse or House of Industry than in the gaol. If the effect of such a system would be to prevent the contracting of innumerable small debts, among poor people, and to accustom them to the habit of payment down in their small purchases, would not this result be beneficial?

We see, every where, that the law is unwilling to allow the creditor to take from the poor debtor his means of immediate subsistence.—Thus the bed, the cow, the tools of trade, &c are exempt from attachment and levy of execution. But the law forgets, that with the generality of such poor debtors, the greatest of all their means of immediate subsistence is their own personal *labor.* A wise man was travelling in the States of Greece, and he found, in one of their communities, a law similar to ours, that a creditor should not take the *tools* of his debtor's trade, in execution for debt, although he might imprison the body. "Here is a sagacious people," said he, "they have discovered that the tools of a man's trade may support his wife and children without the aid of the man himself."

I agree in the justice of this satire. I think the man of more consequence than his tools. I think, too on the general question, that the public mind is now

fast coming to the conclusion, that imprisonment is punishment; and that punishment is only due to crime."

From the Album.

THE APPARITION AT SEA

We give a part of the narrative. The scene opens on the coast of Hayti.

* * * Next morning, when I arose, I was rejoiced to find that we had been running along shore a good part of the night with the land-breeze. About the usual time, the 'trades' set in fair and steady, and from so favourable a quarter, as almost to allow the ship's head to lie the direct course when close hauled, and we therefore soon left the dominions (of yore) of the Imperial Christophe far in our wake. Upon the delay which had taken place in our voyage, the captain determined to run for the Cayeos passage, a short but dangerous channel, stretching between several low-lying barren islands, and which is, or was, at least, seldom attempted, but by those perfectly intimate with the navigation of that quarter of the ocean. We descried the first of these islands, I recollect well, in the dusk of a very sultry day, and so low was its elevation, and so level its surface, that, combined with the dimness of twilight, it would have been undistinguishable from the surrounding waters to any eye but that of an experienced sailor. But I must here mention a circumstance which occurred on an early part of the same afternoon.—We had adjourned, as usual, after dinner, to the quarter-deck, where we were plentifully supplied by the steward with pine-apples, shaddocks, water melons—one of which we had had in a store, while we beguiled time with reading, playing at draits, or what other pastimes we could devise.—I was seated on a hen-coop, apart from the rest, listlessly gazing on the wide expanse of waters before me, and watching the beautiful pearl-like flying fish, amidst a slumbering shoal of which the prow of the vessel was ever and anon breaking, scattering them in dozens from each side of her, exactly like the springing of a covey of partridges. Close beside me two sailors were squatted, engaged in the fair-weather work of patching an old sail. Either from natural taciturnity, or the immediate presence of the captain, they sat a long time silent: But at length one of them, an elderly man, who went by the name of 'Old Jack' among his messmates, addressed the other in an under tone:—

'I say, Rose, do you see what that b——h is after?'

'Well—and what of that, Jack?'

'What of that! why then, we'll have long watches and wet jackets to night, or I'm cheated.'

'Pho, you old fool! d'ye think me such an ass as to believe any rum of that sort?'

'I ask you to believe nothing but what I believe myself,' replied Old Jack, in the same quiet, serious manner. 'Depend on't, it bodes no pleasant weather, when the cat takes to the look-out. I've seen enough of that. I mind the last time we were beating thro' the Mozambique'——

'Well, well,' said the other, who seemed little inclined for conversation, and interrupting what he saw was likely to prove a *long yarn*, 'if there's a squall brewing, the more need there is to have our tackle in order: so hand me the lid here—only look the better to yourself, for they say it always fares the worse with those who notice those sort of things.'

Old Jack made no reply—and the conversation dropped. The circumstance that called it forth appeared in my eyes frivolous enough certainly:—A favourite cat of the captain which was in the habit of running familiarly about the deck, had mounted upon the quarter-rails, and seemingly in play, was engaged in alternately climbing up, and descending a short way, upon the rigging. Knowing the superstitious notions of sailors, I would not have thought of the matter more had I not observed the captain, who was sitting ready not far off, and who had overheard the above conversation, rise up and approach towards where the cat was frisking about, with an idle, saunttering air, but with evident anxiety in his countenance. Calling to puss by the endearing epithet of 'Dolly,' which she answered by jumping, purring upon his shoulder, he fondled her for a few minutes in his arms, and then—first casting a furtive glance around, to see whether he was noticed by any of the crew—he, to my surprise, suddenly placed her on the deck, and inverted over her an empty dish, used in carrying the fowls' meat from the hold. I was about to ask his reasons for thus imprisoning puss, when I heard Old Jack, who had been slily watching his master's motions, observe, with a meaning look to his messmate—

'D'ye mark that, Rose? Ay, ay—the captain has seen these mops o' the Old 'Un pipe up a gale before now.'

The younger sailor looked puzzled, but still incredulous. 'And why the devil doesn't he heave the brute over-board, then? Hasn't he read the story, think ye, about Mr. Jonas, who'——

'Make ready to heave the log here!' shouted the captain at that moment: 'call up the mate, Rose, and come here and hold the glass. Eight bells forward there!'

It was, as I have said, late in the evening when we discerned the first of the clusters of little islands lying upon our starboard quarter, and I soon afterwards began to perceive symptoms of a coming gale. The air felt more chill than usual—a dark fog began to rise to windward, which gradually spread over the firmament—the tops of the waves began to curl, and whiten, and leap up into spray, which dashed over the main deck in plenteous showers, and at last invaded the poop, where I was seated with other passengers. As the breeze freshened, the canvass gradually disappeared from the lofty spars of the ship, under the captain's directions, which became every minute more brief and peremptory; and when the increasing spray and chilliness forced me to go below, we were carrying our mainsail close-reefed. As my berth happened to be on the lee-side of the vessel, (where the motion is least felt) I was quickly asleep after stretching myself on my cot, which I did without undressing.

It might be about the middle of the first watch after midnight when I was awoke, to being suddenly thrown round upon my face against the side of my berth. I felt the vessel quiver like a restive mare from stem to stern; the next moment she made a reach like the discharge of a piece of ordnance, and then the sea pouring into the main cabin like a cataract; I started up in very pardonable alarm, concluding that the ship had struck—a supposition which I the next moment perceived to be groundless. Dreadful confusion, however, prevailed on deck; the hasty thumping of the captain-bar upon the mid-deck summoning all hands up—the confused trampling to and fro above me—the loud and stern vociferation of the captain now bawling to the men aloft, and now addressing the man at the wheel—'I say, sir—ease her, till you shake the main-topgallant—*there*; now, in with it boys—in with it! Bring her up now, sir—(to the helmsman)—luff, sir, luff.' 'Full, 'tis, sir; she won't come farther up.' 'Then keep her at it, sir; don't let her off'—These, with other accompanying sounds, and acclamations, together with the dreadful labouring of the vessel, told plainly the danger of our situation. Indeed, I knew we were in danger; I knew that we were in a narrow and perilous channel, where all that could be done, even were it daylight, was to bring the vessel to, if possible, and prevent her from drifting upon one or other of the small islands with which we were surrounded. Under these circumstances, I determined upon going on deck and meeting death (if I must meet it) face to face, my whole nature revolting at the idea of being confined thus helplessly in the cold, and perhaps engulphed amid the roaring element, without one effort for existence. * * * *

I scrambled up the companion with all haste, and found, to my inexpressible mortification, the hatchway fastened down! I knew it would be useless to apply for release amid the noise and confusion that prevailed, and, with feelings wrought up to a pitch almost intolerable, I found myself compelled to descend again, and abide the issue of the storm. I entered the after cabin, where there was a lamp suspended in the centre, under an inverted compass (for the convenience of the captain consulting during the night), and shuddering across the wet plank to a sofa that was lashed to the lee side of the cabin, I lay down in no comfortable state of mind. The lamp spread a strong light around, but it only added to the dreariness of the scene, as the salt water was dripping from above in a continuous shower. The ship every moment plunging headlong down, 'amid the gorges of the deep,' as if never more to rise—the waves, after each rebound, coming dashing up against the stern windows, with a shock that threatened to smash them in, dead lights and all—the fitful creaking of the chain by which the helm is managed, the booming and singing of the gale thro' the strained cordage, all commingled with the wild and indistinct cries on deck, the supplicating ejaculations of the awe-struck passengers, and the certainty of immediate danger, tended to superinduce reveries of the most glaring character.

I lay with my head towards the stern, so that I could see forward through the doorway into the main cabin, and I had continued for a considerable time vacantly gazing in that direction, when I observed to my astonishment the figure of a man descend the companion (backwards as usual)—he stepped forward into the glare of the lamp, at the same time turning his face towards me, and I recognised the features of Old Jack—but pale and haggard, such as I had never seen them before; and there was a glaring horror expressed in his fixed expanded eyes, that chilled through me with a shuddering of fear and amazement combined. He was apparelled in his oil-skin jacket, or surtout, with his southwester on his head, both of which were dripping with water. I raised myself on my elbow, and endeavoured to speak and ask what he wanted, but there was something in the appearance of the man that actually struck me dumb. After staring wildly towards me for a few moments, he raised his hands, both of which I perceived to be mangled and dripping with blood, and began waving them about—gasping at the same time, like a man in the agonies of suffocation. I instantly concluded that he had been hurt on deck, and had been ordered down to get his wounds dressed, and to be out of the way, when he could no longer be of use. Under the impression that he was fainting, I sprang towards him, to prevent him falling, but he suddenly receded towards the deck main cabin, and the next moment disappeared! I thought he had slipped down, and groped about for him at random for some time, but not getting my hands upon him, I called out his name—listened—no answer—I called again—a deep respiration, half sigh, half moan, close beside me, made me protrude my hand toward the spot, but I drew it back much more quickly than I had advanced it, on receiving a smack on the arm that almost dislocated my wrist. It was from the fin of a huge turtle, which the captain had taken a fancy to keep in the cabin in a tub of salt water. My interest was too much excited by the appearance I had just seen, to allow me to attend to this casualty, which afterwards pained me much; and after searching some time longer for Old Jack in vain, I resolved to go on deck and mention the circumstance to the captain. On getting up to the hatchway, lo! it was fastened down as close as ever, although I was positive that it could not have been raised and shut again without my hearing it.

I retired to the sofa and lay down again in a state of feverish bewilderment that did not abate although the gale and sea grew gradually calmer as morning advanced. Between three and four o'clock, being then nearly day-light, and a moderate favourable breeze having succeeded the late hurricane, the captain came below to retire to rest. I immediately questioned him concerning Old Jack: 'even in the cabin during the night. He answered, it was impossible! 'Could he not have been down?' I rejoined, 'without your hearing of it?' 'Impossible!' he again replied, somewhat impatiently; 'besides, there was too much work for him on deck to allow him in my eye during the whole morning.' Nor was he met with no accident: he not his hands cut.' Captain F—— looked me long and earnestly in the face, with an expression of countenance which I could not then—but afterwards did—comprehend; he thought my brain had become affected by the terrors of the past night. 'Why, Mr. ——,' said he, 'you had better ask himself; you will find him aft at the wheel.' I went above accordingly, and there, to be sure, found Old Jack at his post, as hale and hearty as ever I saw him. He bade me good morning, and made some trifling remarks about the 'tight breeze' we had had, whilst he was speaking, I examined his horny hands, but could not discern the slightest scratch upon them. I knew not what to think—all things contributed to assure me that I had been imposed upon by an optical delusion. But the impression remained indelible. * * *

It was exactly a month from the date of the above strange incident, that I was seated alone in the main cabin, about three o'clock in the afternoon, reading—perhaps for the twentieth time—an old number of Blackwood. We were nearing the banks of Newfoundland, and had been running all that day before a southerly breeze, at the rate of nine knots an hour. At the hour I speak of, the wind had chopped round to the west, and the position of the sails was accordingly to be shifted. After the canvass abaft had been righted, I heard the captain call out 'heave round the spanker boom.' The men were engaged in this operation, when, suddenly a shout of alarm was raised—a rush of feet across the deck—and the next moment were vociferated confused cries of—'down with the helm!'—'back the yards!'—'cut here to lower the boat!'

I rushed upon the deck. The cause of the confusion was indeed a melancholy one. In swinging about the mizen boom, the wind had caught the sail suddenly, and jirked it round with so much force that it had knocked a man overboard.

I looked over the ship's side; it was old Jack. He had caught hold of the mizen sheet in falling, and was clinging to it with the tenacity of desperation. All was confusion on board; some were clearing away the boat, others throwing barrels, tubs, and what other the readiest articles that lay about overboard; others again were backing the sails in vain; such was the impetus under which the ship was sailing, that it was found impracticable to bring her up against the wind for a considerable time; and, long ere it was accomplished, poor Jack had literally been torn from his hold by the opposing waters, but his had indeed been the grasp of despair! When the rope was afterwards examined, not only blood, but even pieces of the flesh of his fingers, were found engrained on it. I could only be a passive spectator of this scene of death.—When the old man lost hold of the rope, we continued to cheer him by cries and signals to keep up, while the boat was lowering, but his strength had been exhausted. A flock of sea fowl, with omnious screams, gathered over him; he gradually sunk, until nothing but his southwester was discernable above the water, and then he seemed to make one last awful struggle for life. He threw his arms aloft, with an energy that raised his body half out of the water.

I distinctly saw the dreadful contortions of his features—his gaspings of agony—the expanded eyes of horror—the outstretched hands dripping with blood. Oh, God! I could not be mistaken! It was indeed the apparition I had seen a month before, in the dead of the night, and which had haunted me ever since! A dimness came over my eyes, and, as the cries of—'he's down!—he's down!' sounded in my ears, I fell back insensible." * * * *

The Plague.—All the physicians died successively; the overseers of the infirmaries went away, and it was no longer possible to enter the hospitals with impunity. We were obliged to take Turks to nurse the sick, and to pay a very great price for their services, while the superintendence over them was so relaxed, on account of the danger with which it was accompanied, that the most flagrant misconduct was not to be prevented. At Gen. Marmont's lodgings we had been obliged to do without table-cloths or sheets; all our clothes were fumigated; the out-door servants had no connexion with those of the interior. The carriage gateway was nailed up; while every thing that was brought to the house from out of doors, and even the meat was thrown through a wicket into a tub of water. With a view to avoid the infection among us, we divided ourselves into two brigades; and during the night we pursued each other from room to room, throwing water in our faces, which was the only ammunition we possessed. Among the few soldiers who consented to nurse the sick, there was a gunner who had been in Constantinople, where he pretended he had escaped the plague. According to his assertion, he possessed an infallible preservative against the infection, which was to keep his face and hands perpetually moistened with water. But it was discovered that he washed his hands in oil. Indeed it had been observed in Cairo, that the lamp-lighters never caught the plague.—*Larrallette's Memoirs.*

Poisoning the Sick at Jaffa.—I must here say a few words on an odious imputation made long since against Gen. Bonaparte,—I mean the pretended poisoning of the soldiers sick of the plague. It is so contrary to truth that Gen. Bonaparte proposed to poison the unfortunate men, that M. Larry, first surgeon to the army, never ceased to pronounce it an atrocious calumny; and he several times, in the last fifteen years, pressed M. Desgenettes to declare publicly with him the fact through the medium of the press. The latter, having been ill used by the king's government, recoiled probably at the thought of a declaration which might make his situation still more painful. It is, besides, impossible to name any person to whom the proposal should have been made. Finally, the calumny was spread by the English while they were in Egypt, and propagated by a writing of Sir Robert Wilson, who was then extremely young, and who in maturer age has openly declared that he had been mistaken.—*Ib.*

Courage of a Physician.—General Bonaparte felt convinced that the fever was really the plague; the physician-in-chief, Desgenettes, alleged, on the contrary, that it was nothing more than a common fever. His opinion and arguments served to tranquillize the soldiers; but they had one bad effect,—that of disposing them to neglect the caution necessary in all contagious diseases. He wished, however, to add practical demonstration to his arguments by inoculating himself with the plague. In the middle of the hospital, and in the presence of all the sick, he plunged a lancet into the bubo of one of the patients, and pricked himself with it in his left side. This act, which was the more courageous, as he afterwards acknowledged that the disease had really all the characteristics of the plague, excited the admiration of the whole army, and insured to the physician lasting glory with posterity.—*Ib.*

From the Indiana Phenix.

VEXATIONS.

This teazing one to death so,
I hate it very much;
"When are you to be married, dear?"
And then they look with such

A leering kind of air, sirs,
As if the whole was known—
I wish they'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

Such a tantalizing time, too,
When ev'ry thought's engag'd
In thinking on the time to come,
It makes me quite enrag'd:

To think they all should guess what
Is going to be done—
I wish they'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

If it's envy makes them talk so,
I very much regret
That I should pain their hearts,
And put them in a fret;

For I know it is unpleasant,
To think that chance is gone,
But they should mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

Poor Will is very positive
That something will go wrong—
We've kept the matter to ourselves,
Oh, I can't tell how long;

Yet ev'ry body talks of it,
I wish the thing was done—
Then they would mind their own affairs,
And I'd be let alone.

Booth, the Tragedian, in America.—Booth is not only an actor, and proprietor of a very superior theatrical establishment, but devotes a considerable portion of his time to agricultural pursuits; he is a farmer: and takes his produce to market himself. The following colloquy occurred between him and Gallot, who went over with Yates' elephant to America:—Booth—"These cabbages are three cents each: if you don't like them, I'll throw them in the cart, and drive them home again, for they're well worth the money. What! Gallot, is that you lad? I'm delighted to see you; are you quite well?" Gallot—"Very well, I thank you, but this is a new mode of life for you." Booth—"O, I have not left the old one; come and see me to-night: I play Richard at my own theatre; and mind, when you get to England, swear you never saw me play it half so well." Gallot accepted the invitation, and declares that he never saw Booth so much to advantage.—*London morning paper.*

MARRIED,

On the 15th, at Christ's Church, by the Rev. Mr Varella, and afterwards at St John's Chapel by the Rev. Mr Berrian, Mr. V. Obregon, of Mexico, to Miss Margaretta daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Harry, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th, John Clarkson Jay, M.D to Laura, daughter of Nathaniel Prime, Esq.

On the 22d Mr. Hiram Dana Ward, one of the Editors of the N.Y. Whig, to Miss Anny P. McGlassin, of Albany.

DIED,

In this city, on the 16th, M. Genest Martinet, aged about 63 years.

On the 17th, Emma E., 9—and on the 20th, Henry, 1—children of Henry Holt.

On the 15th, Wm. P Smith, merchant, 41

At Savannah, Frederick S. Fell, Esq. senior editor of the Savannah Republican.

FRANKLIN SALOON—NEW MUSIC.

Here hoovers, queer jokers, used to toss in the *flats* we know, Louis crowing, notes shaving, that would the go;
Then chink, a-chink, a-chink! the *specie* jingled daily—
Now, tuck, a tuck, a tuck! the music warbles gaily

FIRTH & HALL have just received Nos. 6 7 and 8 of their 'Occasional Selections of celebrated Duets, for *two* performers on *one* Piano Forte,' comprising, The Marseillois Hymn, Rosk's celebrated air *Al dolce canto mi sfia d'amore*, and the Swiss Boy. Also, a beautiful ballad, called the 'False One,' as sung by Mrs. Knight, the poetry by T. H. Bayley, Esq.; likewise, three new songs, arranged with an accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, viz: 'Love, art thou waking or sleeping?' 'Dear Native Home,' and 'Yes, we must part.'

Musical Instruments of every description, as usual; books of instruction, &c. constantly for sale at the Franklin Music Saloon (late Franklin Bank), No. 1 Franklin square, by

Nov.26.c FIRTH & HALL.

CUBEBS AND SARSAPARILLA,
Highly concentrated by Dr. Barclay.

THIS preparation is a strong essence of the Cubebs, in combination with the other ingredients, which, whilst equally mild and innocuous to the constitution, have been found by experience materially to increase the known efficacy of the Cubebs. It is the most safe, certain, and speedy remedy ever discovered for the cure of Gonarrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, &c. frequently proving effective in four or five days. Prepared by R. G. Barclay, M.D. Strand, London, and for sale by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
Wholesale and Retail Agent, 38 Cedar, c. Wm st.
Observe the signature of R. G. Barclay, M.D. on the stamp of each bottle. Nov.26.c

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WORM SUGAR PLUMS

AN efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive Sold wholesale and retail by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
Nov.26.c 38 Cedar, c. of William st.

SYLVESTER 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y Lottery, Extra Class No 35 for 1831, drawn Nov 23—13 49 56 34 11 10 21 1 62 32.

Comb. 13 49 56, quarter $20,000, sent to Philadelphia; and 49 11 34 5 will $5,000 sent to Pittsburgh—and several capitals sold by Sylvester, 130 Broadway.

Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Nov. 30—Extra 34, $16,000.....$5
Dec. 7—Extra 35, $12,000.....$4

My distant patrons will please notice that the next two good schemes will be drawn on the 14th December and 11th January I thus early give notice, to prevent disappointment, and to give time for all to write.

Dec.14—Reg Class 12, $20,000, 20,000, 10,000—6 numbers, 10 drawn.....$10
Jan. 11—Reg Class 13, $20,000, 10,000, 4,000—6 numbers, 7 drawn.....$10

both the above are good for packages.

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

If Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N.York.
References: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. Nov. 26

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Picton Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for smelting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follows:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (Land 15th ton); Picton Coals $7 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. sifted, $13 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Picton Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, cor of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 261 Washington street; Thomas Libby, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 117 Broadway; R. N. White, 172 Broadway; Nathan Sexton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st.

WM. BEASTALL has just published the second edition of the Grocer's and Distiller's Useful Guide, with considerable additions and improvements. The additions to this edition contain a complete treatise on distilling and rectifying, together with the method of distilling simple and compound waters, the whole delivered in the plainest manner, for the use of distillers and private families. Illustrated with a plate. For sale by the author, at No. 118 Fulton st. New York.

Nov.26.c

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by Wm. Beastall, 118 Fulton st. N. York, the Old Colony Collection of Sacred Music, consisting of anthems, solos, choruses, duetts, &c. selected from the works of the most celebrated authors, and arranged for the organ and piano forte, by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, 3d edition, improved, for sale by WM. BEASTALL,
Nov.26.c 118 Fulton st. N.Y.

LADIES' WHITE BEAVER HATS.

E. BLOOMER, No. 160 Broadway, New York, has just commenced manufacturing *Ladies' White Beaver Hats*, entirely of a new form and finish, which excel any thing of the kind ever got up in this country.

E. B. has used every exertion in procuring workmen of the first talents in their profession, and relies upon the patronage of his friends and customers throughout the United States for a remuneration, and trusts his hopes will be realized by a discriminating public.

Nov.9.c

MAVERICK & TOWNSEND,

ENGRAVERS, Lithographers, and Printers, 96 Elm, corner of Walker street, N.Y. Merchants can be supplied with Bills of Lading, Exchange, Notes, Drafts, &c. in a superior style, at prices almost as low as type printing, without any expense of plate.

Nov.19.c

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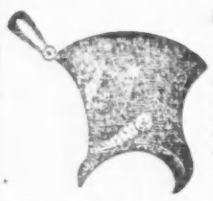
257 Hudson one door above Charlton-st.

APPLEGATE'S FANCY STORE AND PRINTING OFFICE.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has fitted up a store in front of his printing office, where he intends to keep a general variety of Perfumery, Cosmetics, Soaps for washing and shaving, Razors, shaving boxes, Penknives, Quills, Paper, &c. with a general assortment of Stationary and Fancy articles

*** Perfumery and Fancy Articles will be received in exchange for printing.

Nov.9.c WM. APPLEGATE, 257 Hudson st.

SADDLE, HARNESS, TRUNK & MILITARY EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURER.



G. H. RAMPPEN, No. 312 Broadway, next to Masonic Hall, offers for sale on reasonable terms, Saddles, Bridles, Harnesses, and Trunks, and Military Caps and Belts of every description; Carpet Bags, Valises, &c.

nov.9.c

BROADWAY HOTEL.

THE *LONG ROOM* attached to the *Broadway Hotel*, No. 601 Broadway, and extending to Houston-street, 50 by 80 feet, is the largest room in the Eighth Ward, and is now to let for Military or Ward Meetings, Debating Societies, and Cotillion Parties. Apply at the bar.

PECTORAL BALSAMIC PASTE OF REGNAULDSEN.

THIS invaluable medicine has been lately introduced here in this country, on the authority of the certificates of the most eminent French physicians, and many thousand Frenchmen have felt the efficacy of this Paste, in all pulmonic diseases, coughs, spitting blood, and rheumatism; it is besides of a very agreeable taste, and prepared in the best possible and commodious way. For sale at

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER'S
nov.9.c Drug and Chemical store, 377 Broadway.

Great success at Sylvester's, 130 Broadway.

OFFICIAL drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 11 for 1831, drawn Nov. 16:—18 56 45 55 36 24 41 25

Comb. 45 55 56, the capital prize of $4,000, was sold in a whole ticket by Sylvester—being the highest capital sold in this city. This, added to the $6,000 sold last Wednesday fortnight, and the $5,000 last Wednesday week, is the usual result of success attending tickets purchased from Sylvester, and is a convincing proof that he is the most fortunate vender in the world All orders for tickets must be addressed to

Nov. 19. S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

PRINTING INK. The subscriber, who is a practical printer, has been, for the last fifteen years engaged in the manufacture of Printing Ink, and he flatters himself has given his customers general satisfaction. He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage of his typographical brethren. His experience fully enables him to supply his customers with as good Ink as can be obtained in the United States, of unchangeable color, and also well calculated for the composition roller; and his arrangements for its manufacture are such, that he can furnish it on as favorable terms.

Ink of various fancy colors, viz. red, blue, green, &c made to order. GEORGE MATHER,
Oct 22 111 Prince street.

PREMIUM SPARADRAB EPISPASTIQUE,
Or Blister Cloth.

A "NEW and valuable article." This preparation is a most useful, convenient and neat substitute for the vesicatorial Plaster. It affords great satisfaction to the physician, that the patient who applies it, finds relief after two hours, during which period a Blister is drawn; it does not leave any of the irritation of the Spanish Fly, and has the appearance of court plaster. It is prepared and for sale wholesale and retail by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
nov.9.c 377 Broadway.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawana Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm-streets.

sep.28. S. B. REEVE & Co.

WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

WANTED. 20 or 30 young ladies who perfectly understand the making of all kinds of caps.

Apply at L. MORANGE & DAVIS.
October 12th, 1831 105 William Street.

MEDICINAL AND FANCY LOZENGES.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of *Medicinal and Fancy Lozenges*, fresh, and of superior quality to any that have yet been offered—amongst which are Rose, Lemon, Ginger, Peppermint, Tolu, Camphor, Paregoric, Soda, Ipecacuanha, Bonset, and Horehound; the two last are excellent palliatives of coughs and soreness of the breast, the nauseous taste of the herbs being so completely disguised in the lozenges that they are very pleasant to the taste.

Boulles de Guimve, a new article for colds and coughs, prepared by Pelletier, Pharmacien at Paris.

French Jujube Paste, just imported. For sale by

GEORGE D. CUGGESHALL,
Druggist and Apothecary,
Nov.9.c 421 Pearl, corner of Rose-st.

MARBLE WORKS.

J. FRAZEE gives notice to his friends and the public generally that he has recently taken into copartnership with him Mr. Robert Launitz, of Rome Sculptor, and late pupil of Thorwaldsen, and that the establishment of sculpture, and monumental art in Broadway will in future be conducted under the name of *Frazee & Launitz*.

It is confidently hoped that so important an acquisition of talent to this establishment will not only prove highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the artists thus mutually united, but that a discerning public will also duly appreciate its certain and anticipated benefits, it being the ostensible object of the partnership to enlarge and improve the department of monumental sculpture and statuary, and, by the union of genius and talent, render their works in every respect worthy the highest patronage of the country. Oct 22

ARABIAN HORSES.—The subscriber having become a proprietor of the three Arab horses—Yemen, a grey—Zedzadi, light sorrel—and Kocklani, ch. bay—offers two of them for sale; thus affording to gentlemen desirous of possessing a horse of the genuine Arab blood the rare opportunity of making a selection from three.

These valuable horses were presented to Mr. Rhind by the Sultan; were chosen by his orders from amongst the finest and fleetest of *his own stud*, and it is but fair to presume, both from the source from which they were derived and the fine points they possess, that they are superior for breeding to any three horses which may ever again be offered to the public. For a view of them, apply at the Belle Vue Farm, near New Brunswick, New Jersey; for terms or further particulars, to the subscriber, corner of West and Clarkson-streets, New York. [nov. 12.] JNO. H. POSTWICK.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM.

THIS truly valuable remedy has now been before the public for four years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for coughs, colds, asthma or phthisic, consumptions, whooping cough, and pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects.

Each bottle of the above medicine is accompanied with printed directions, also certificate from many individuals of its salutary effects. For sale by

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, 81 Wm-st.,
Nov.19.c, General Agents for the city of N.York.

CAUTION.—The original and genuine Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash, prepared only by Lowe & Reed, Boston, and recommended by Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University, and by Drs. Shattuck, Shurtleff, and Flint, of Boston, and other respectable physicians, is sold in the city of New York by only Rushton & Aspinwall, No. 81 William-street, general agents for the city of New York; M. C. Slocum, No. 393 Broadway; Charles E. Cornell, 145 do.; John Milhau, 183; R. O. & H. C. Hart, 173; J. L. Hewitt & Co. 137, and N. Smith Presses & Co. 21 William-st.; Jeffr. B. Noues, 64½ Broadway; and A. Inness & Co. corner of Broadway and Spring-st.

☞ The public should be advised that the article advertised by C. M. Olcott and others, is an entirely different preparation, resembling the genuine in name only, which name was assumed after the original preparation had acquired an extensive popularity, to assist in the sale of an imitation article. The genuine and original Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash is enclosed in a wrapper, containing the certificates of the gentlemen above alluded to, and also the written signature of the subscribers. LOWE & REED.

Boston, Oct. 22, 1831. Nov.19.c

COMMUNICATION.

DR. THORP—Dear Sir; For a number of years past I have been suffering under some of the most disagreeable and dangerous symptoms. Some time in the year 1819, I was thrown from a horse and seriously injured; since which I have at times been suddenly seized with a giddiness of the head, loss of sight, and numbness over the greater part of my body; after some time, these would pass off, and leave me with an intolerable head-ache. The frequency of the attacks caused me to see Dr. Reynolds, who attended me for several months without the least benefit; he declared the numbness to be nothing more or less than palsy. Recollecting to have read a communication of Mr. J. Turner, of West Chester county, whose daughter was cured in a short time of that disease by your Carminantia, hoping for the like success, I purchased a bottle for $1 50; and it will afford you pleasure, no doubt, to be informed that it has perfectly cured me. Yes, I have found more benefit in one bottle than all the medicine I have taken for six years past. You are at full liberty to make known the wonderful cure your Carminantia has effected—for wonderful indeed must be the medicine to overcome the palsy.

W. T. MILLS, first Premium Milkman,
corner of 30th street and Sixth avenue.

☞ The Carminantia can be obtained of the proprietor, 339 Broadway, corner of Walker-st. Nov.19.c

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BRUSH MANUFACTORY.

ABRAHAM & JOHN PECKHAM, No. 289 Greenwich Street, offer for sale a general assortment of Brushes on reasonable terms March 12

STACEY PANCOAST,
Nos. 90 & 92 Centre-Street,
At the head of Canal-street, and next door to the Gas Factory, NEW-YORK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to manufacture Silver and Prince's Metals, Plated Ware of all kinds.—Also, Saddlery, Coach and Harness furniture of every description, hollow and filled Mouldings, Coach and Gig Lamps of all sizes, calculated for the American and Spanish markets; Crests, and every kind of Ornaments; military and figured Buttons; all of which will be finished equal to any imported.

Gentlemen from the country can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice.

N. B. All orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

April 22.

LIVERY STABLE,
661 BROADWAY.

A. BROWER informs his friends and the public, that he can supply them with Horses and Carriages of any description at short notice, and on very reasonable terms. 1026 6m

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CLOTHING STORE
221 GREENWICH STREET.

JOHN PARET & Co. Drapers and Tailors, have on hand a large assortment of Clothing of summer, viz. *Coats, Vests, Pantaloons, Shirts, Collars, Socks, Cravats, Gloves, Hosiery, &c* made in a fashionable style, and for sale on reasonable terms. May 28 tf28

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M. D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D., Amariah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

August 6 tf38

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess highly polished and enamelled surface, most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable to their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE! and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire and acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell: they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as beautiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only*.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the best possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metalic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, to adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumboils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,
Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"
No 5 Chambers street.